

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DEFENCES OF BRITAIN.*

SIR FRANCIS HEAD is a bold man. When the cry for economy and retrenchment, arising out of the straightened circumstances of the nation, is at its loudest, he has ventured to argue the proposition—once admitted as a truism, but now apparently denied by many—that there are national duties, of surpassing magnitude, which must be undertaken and fulfilled irrespective of pecuniary considerations, if we intend to preserve this country, not simply from a diminution of its greatness, but from the imminent danger of invasion and of hostile occupation. His courage is not lessened by the fact that, in maintaining that axiom, he is fortified by the practical testimony, without any exception whatever, of all our greatest living military and naval authorities; his boldness is not less notable because the Duke of Wellington, Sir John Burgoyne, Admiral Bowes, Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, Sir Charles Napier, Captain Plunkett, and others, have year after year protested against the insufficiency of our national defences; and demonstrated that, under the present system, and with the inadequate force at our disposal, we could not, in the event of a rupture with France, calculate on maintaining the inviolability of the British coast, or the security of our capital, London. He is a bold man, and a man of moral courage, because he has ventured once more to stem the tide of popular prejudice and clamor; to expose himself to the sneers of the unthinking, the foolish, and the ignorant, and to the insolent imputations of the professional agitator and demagogue. The individual who was base enough to insult the gray hairs and honored age of the first soldier of the world, was not likely to refrain from vituperation in the case of a humbler antagonist; and, accordingly, we are not in the least degree surprised to observe, that, at a late meeting in Wrexham, this person, Cobden, who three years ago insinuated that the Duke of Wellington was a dotard, has now turned his battery of coarse abuse against Sir Francis Head.†

* *The Defenceless State of Great Britain.* By Sir F. B. Head, Bart. London. Murray: 1850.

† The following is an extract from Cobden's speech at Wrexham, on 12th November last, as reported in the *Times* of 14th November: "He had no doubt that, in the volume written by Sir F. Head, (which had been referred to,) the author of *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*—and he dared say those bubbles were just as substantial as the facts in that volume, (cheers and laughter,)—but there was something in the antecedents of Sir F. Head, and his conduct in Canada, which did not recommend him to him (Mr. Cobden) as a good authority in this affair of our finances. (Hear, hear.) But, no doubt, he should be told that we were in great danger from other countries keeping up large military establishments, and coming to attack us. Now, the answer he gave to that was, that he would rather run the risk of France coming

We have, fortunately, something else to do than to answer the wretched calumniator. We consider it our bounden duty, in so far as we can, to recommend to our readers the exceedingly able and temperate work of Sir Francis Head, which not only embraces all that can be said upon the topic in the way of abstract argument, but exhibits in the clearest form, and from the most authentic sources, the amount of foreign military and naval preparation, at the present moment, as contrasted with our own. It is, we think, a most timely and needful warning, which every one will do well to consider, not in a rash or hasty manner, but calmly, deliberately, and dispassionately, with reference to his own individual interests, and to those of the nation at large. The question, as it now presents itself to our notice, is not one of peace or war. The most zealous peacemonger alive need not be ashamed of adopting the conclusions or seconding the suggestions of the writer. The question, as put by Sir Francis Head, is simply this—Are we, or are we not, supposing us to become involved in hostilities with France, in a condition successfully to resist all attempts at invasion?

Of course there are several considerations collateral and connected with this. Military and naval establishments being, in effect, the insurance which we pay against the risk of invasion, the risk must be calculated in order to ascertain the amount. Only in one respect the parallel does not hold good between national and private insurance. A man may insure his premises or his life inadequately, and yet he or his representatives will be entitled to recover something. In the case of a nation, inadequate insurance is really equivalent to none. Either the insurance is good altogether, and fully adequate to the risk, or it need not have been effected at all. Therefore, in estimating this matter of sufficiency of defence, we must attempt to ascertain, as clearly as can be done by human foresight, aided by past experience, the amount of possible danger. This is unquestionably a most intricate consideration, yet no one can deny its importance.

It is a very simple matter for those who have never turned their attention to the state of Great

to attack us, than keep up the present establishments in this country. He had done with reasoning on the subject. He would rather cut down the expenditure for military establishments to £10,000,000, and run every danger from France, or any other quarter, than risk the danger of attempting to keep up the present standard of taxation and expenditure. (Cheers.) *He called those men cowards who wrote in this way.* He was not accustomed to pay fulsome compliments to the English, by telling them that they were superior to all the world; but this he could say, that they did not deserve the name of cowards. (Hear, hear.) *The men who wrote these books must be cowards,* and he knew nothing so preposterous as talking of a number of Frenchmen coming and taking possession of London."

Britain, as one great military and naval power surrounded by others, to treat with entire contempt the idea of any possibility of invasion. We have no doubt that a large proportion of the British nation consider themselves at this moment invincible. It is quite natural that this should be the case. We have accustomed ourselves, in consequence of the result of the last war, to look upon British prowess as something absolutely indomitable. The issue of Waterloo has wiped away all memory of the disastrous retreat to Corunna. We remember Trafalgar with pride, and forget that even in naval matters we found our match in the American. The flag of England has not always been supreme on the seas, or even in her own estuaries. Little more than a century and a half has elapsed since a Dutch fleet entered the Thames without resistance, burned the shipping in the Medway, and held Chatham at its mercy. But the present generation knows little about those things, and is disposed to limit its recollections to comparatively recent events. Nor are even these viewed fairly and fully. We are content to take the catastrophe as the measure of the whole. We overlook the disasters, loss, misery, and bloodshed, which our former state of bad preparation entailed upon the nation, and we will not listen to the testimony of the great living witness—still happily spared to us—when he raises his voice to warn us against wilfully incurring a repetition of the same, or the infliction of worse calamities. Not even by tradition do our common people know anything of the horrors of foreign and invasive war. Of all the European nations we are incomparably the least warlike in our ideas and our habits. Our population knows nothing of military training, is wholly unaccustomed to the use of arms. A few muskets in the hands of a few old pensioners have been found sufficient to overawe and disperse the most infuriated mob. And yet we are told to consider ourselves, and do in part believe it, as capable of resisting any attempt at organized military invasion, at a moment's notice, notwithstanding the enormous numerical inferiority of the whole disciplined troops which we could summon from all parts of the kingdom, to even a fractional part of the force which could easily be brought against us!

Assuredly we have no reason or wish to undervalue the greatness of English courage. That quality alone will turn the scale when the match is otherwise equal. Our wild and rude ancestors, who opposed the landing of the legions of Cæsar, were certainly not one whit inferior in courage or in strength to their descendants, and yet those qualities could not save them from being utterly routed by the discipline of the Italian invaders. It may be questioned whether, in the case of a sudden emergency, the British population at the present day could offer so formidable a resistance to a regularly disciplined force. The odds are that they could not. The aboriginal British tribes, like our Highlanders in the last century,

were trained to the use of arms, however simple, and versed in some kind of tactics, however rude. They knew how to stand by each other, and they were not terrified by the sight of blood. Whereas the modern operative, suddenly summoned from the factory to take his place as a national defender, would be of all creatures the most incompetent and helpless. To mount a horse, or rather, to guide a horse when he had mounted it, would be to him a thing impossible. He would as lieve thrust his hand into the flames as attempt to fire a cannon. His ideas as to the distinction between the butt-end and the muzzle of a musket are so extremely indefinite, that you might as well arm him at once with a boomerang; and the odds are, that, in masticating a cartridge, he would consider it part of his duty to swallow the ball. Or, supposing that his piece is adequately loaded and primed, what is the betting that he does not bring down a comrade instead of disabling an enemy? A random shot strikes the midriff of Higgins, who has just patriotically rushed from the manufacture of *domestics* to do his duty on the battle-field. He falls gasping in his gore; and Simpkins, who is his right-hand man, grows pale as death, and is off in the twinkling of a billy-roller. A single bivouac, on a frosty night, would send half the awkward squad to the hospital shivering with ague. Those who had previously pinned their faith on Hogarth's caricature of the spindle-shanked Frenchman toasting frogs on the point of his rapier, would speedily discover their mistake at the apparition of the grim, bearded, and bronzed veterans of Algeria, armed to the teeth, and inflamed with that creditable "morale," of which so much has been said, but which resolves itself simply into a burning desire for vengeance on "perfidious Albion." They would then begin, though rather late, to perceive the advantages of preparation, discipline, and science, and bitterly to regret that they had turned a deaf ear so long to the warnings of wisdom and experience. Discipline is as powerful now, in strategy, as it was nineteen hundred years ago. The cotton-clad Briton would not be one whit more able to repel invasion than his remote skin-clad progenitor. And as for a leader, are we liable to the charge of prejudice when we aver that we would rather march to combat under the guidance of a Caractacus than that of a Cobden?

But is there any chance of an invasion? We reply—that depends in a great measure upon the extent of our actual preparation. If it is known abroad, and notorious, that we have made our citadel impregnable, the probabilities of any such attempt are extremely lessened. If, on the contrary, we are manifestly unable to resist aggression, we do unquestionably increase our risk to an enormous degree. Which of us can calculate on our escaping from the embroilment of war, in the present distracted state of European politics, for a year, or even for a month? The last time we approached this subject of the national defences was towards the commencement of the year 1848,

when Cobden was attempting to preach down military establishments. Our readers may recollect the arguments which he used at that time. He represented that the whole world was at profound peace and tranquillity; that the nations were thinking of nothing else but relaxation of tariffs, and the interchange of calicoes and corn; that men were a great deal too wise ever again to appeal to the rude arbitration of the sword—and much more trash of a similar nature, which seemed to give intense delight to his cultivated Manchester audience. We considered it necessary to tie him up to the halberts, and gave him a castigation which to this hour he writhingly remembers. We pointed out then the utter absurdity of his notion, that Free-trade was to supersede Christianity as a controller of the passions of mankind; and we insisted that, so far from real tranquillity being established on the Continent, it was "quite possible that France may yet have to undergo another dynastic convulsion." What followed? Before the number of the Magazine which contains that paper was published, the Revolution broke out in France, and extended itself over more than half the Continent. It is not yet completed, or anything like completed—it is resolving itself into war, the natural and inevitable sequence of all such revolutions. Hitherto we have kept out of it by good fortune, if not by dexterous management. But our escape was a very narrow one. Once we were so very near a rupture, that the French ambassador was recalled from St. James', and the Russian ambassador just about to retire. Was there no danger then? Who that regards the political aspects abroad, will give us a guarantee that some new emergency may not arise involving a *casus belli*, from some circumstance almost as trivial and insignificant as the claims of Don Pacifico? His Holiness the Pope, in return for Mintonian advice and whig support, has been pleased to prefer a spiritual claim over the British dominions—how if France, rather at a loss for some enterprise abroad to sustain her government at home, should take a fancy for a new crusade, and determine on backing, by temporal artillery, the less dangerous thunders of the Vatican?

But France, say Cobden and his crew, does not desire war. Cobden is a precious expositor of the cabinet councils of France! What took the French to Rome? What is taking them at this moment to the eastern frontier? Not the dread of invasion, we may be sure; for the unhappy states of Germany have quite enough business on hand to settle among themselves, without attempting to push westward. France may not, indeed, desire war in the abstract, but war may become a political necessity for France; and we think that we can discern symptoms which indicate that the necessity must soon arrive. Once unsettle a nation, as France has been unsettled, and there is no security for its neighbors. France is at this time nominally a republic, practically a military despotism. Military despotism is always, sooner or

later, compelled to support itself by aggression. It gets rid of the contending elements within by giving them a foreign outlet; for, if it did not do so, it must in the end inevitably succumb to anarchy. These things may not be known in the mills, or familiar to men whose intellect is beneath that of the aggregate average of ganders; but they are nevertheless true, and all history confirms them.

We therefore think that—looking to the present state of the Continent and its political relations, the hostile jealousy of some states, and the extreme instability of others—there is anything but reason to predict the return of a settled European peace. The first act of the drama may have been played, but the whole piece is not yet nearly concluded. If we are right in this, what are the chances that we escape, whilst the other nations are contending? Extremely small. Now, is there any man (except Cobden) silly enough to suppose, that, in the event of further and more serious hostilities occurring on the Continent, we should be able to escape from embroilment, *on the ground that we have not sufficient forces in Great Britain to protect the integrity of our shores?* If there exist any such individual, let him go back to his *Æsop*, and he will find various illustrations bearing strongly upon the subject. It is no difficult matter for the strong to pick a quarrel with the weak. Our monstrous and almost insane position is this, that, with all the elements of strength existing abundantly among ourselves, we have obstinately resolved not to call them forth, so as to prepare for any emergency, or for any contingency whatever.

Cobden's opinion is, that the governments cannot go to war, because the people will not let them. Does the prophet of Baal allude to Russia, Austria, Prussia, or France? We presume it will not be held that these states fortify that opinion. If not, to *what* governments and *what* people does he allude? The truth is, that he is possessed by the most monstrous hallucination which ever beset a human brain. He believes that the population of Europe are so enamored of his flimsy rags as to be ready to sacrifice everything for the privilege of putting them next their skins, and that no government dare interpose between them and that most inestimable luxury. Whereas, in reality, Manchester and its products are detested, both by governments and people, from one end of Europe to the other. Why it should be so is not in the least degree perplexing. Every nation (except perhaps our own, which is for the present laboring under a most miserable delusion) has the natural wish to protect and foster its internal industry. A purely agricultural state is necessarily a very poor one—it is the mixture of agriculture and manufactures which tends to create wealth. Our neighbors on the continent are doing all in their power to promote manufactures, and we have helped them to attain their object by allowing a free export of machinery. They have not the slightest intention of permitting that portion of their capital, which is already invested in manu-

factures, to be destroyed by submitting to the operation of free trade; so, very wisely, they take advantage of our open ports to get rid of their superfluous agricultural produce, whilst they continue or augment their duties upon the articles of manufacture which we export. Not a man of them would break his heart if every mill in Manchester were burned to the ground to-morrow, nor would they subscribe one kreutzer for the benefit of the afflicted sufferers. Such is their feeling and their policy even in time of peace; in time of war they are somewhat apt to clap on an entire embargo.

The governments, however, are going to war, and at war, notwithstanding all that can be said or written to the contrary; nor have we been able to discover that the people—at least that portion of the people which, in time of tumult, is the most influential—has manifested the slightest indisposition to push matters to extremity. The small still voice of Elihu Burritt has failed to tranquillize the roar of conflict in Denmark and the Holstein Duchies. It may possibly be matter of wonder to some folks that all national quarrels are not instantly submitted to the arbitration of a peripatetic blacksmith, or an equally ubiquitous cotton-spinner. Oliver Dain, more popularly designated *Le Diable*, had once a good deal to say in matters of state, though his avowed function was only that of a barber, and it may be that the peace congress set considerable store by that notable precedent. We, however, are not ashamed to confess that our faith is small in the efficacy of the Columbian Vulcan. Mars, we suspect, will prove too much for him in the present instance, and escape the entanglement of the net. Seriously, we apprehend that there is less to fear from the deliberate intentions of governments, than from the inflamed passions of the people. At all events the two coöperate, and must coöperate in producing war; and public opinion in this country, as to the propriety of maintaining peace, is of as little effect or practical use, owing to our notorious weakness, as the sighing of the summer wind.

Such being the signs of conflict abroad, the next consideration is, how are we affected by them—or rather, what course ought we to pursue in the present distracted state of European politics? We think that common sense dictates the answer—we ought to prepare ourselves against every possible emergency. We do not know from what quarter the danger may come, or how soon; but the horizon is murky enough around us to give warning of no common peril. What should we think of the commander of a vessel who, at the evident approach of a storm, made no preparation for it? Yet such is, in truth, at the present time, the fatuous conduct of our rulers. They have been advised by the best and most experienced pilot of their danger, and yet they will do nothing. They are drifting on as heedlessly as if the breeze were moderate, no reefs ahead, and no scud visible in the sky.

We have said that we do not know from what

quarter the danger may come. There is, however, one quarter from which we may, legitimately enough, apprehend danger; and that not only on the score of most tempting opportunity, but because from it we have, ere now, been threatened under circumstances of greater difficulty. The meditated invasion of England by France, under Napoleon, ought not to be effaced from the recollection of the British people. We were then infinitely better prepared to resist such an attempt than we are now. We had troops and levies in abundance; a large and powerful navy, manned by experienced sailors, and full intimation of the design; whilst, on the other hand, the French were deficient in shipping, and, what is even more material, unassisted by that wonderful agent, steam, which has made the crossing of the channel in a few hours, despite of contrary winds, a matter of absolute certainty. Because that expedition failed, is it a fair conclusion—as we have seen it argued in the public journals—that another expedition, aided by that science which has reduced the intervening arm of the sea to a mere ditch or moat, must also necessarily fail? We cannot understand such reasoning. It is allowed by all military and naval men who have studied the subject, or written upon it—and we confess that, in a matter of this kind, we should prefer eminent professional opinions to the mere dicta of a journalist, or the sweeping assertions of a civilian—that a French army could now, by the aid of steam, be ferried across the channel without encountering the tremendous opposition of a fleet. If that be admitted, then invasion becomes clearly practicable, and the next consideration is its probability.

It is always instructive to know what is going on on the other side of the Channel. It is no Paul Pry curiosity which prompts us to inquire into the proceedings of our eccentric neighbors; for, somehow or other, we very frequently find them swayed in their actions either by our example or our position. And, in order to prosecute this inquiry, we shall make room for Sir Francis Head, and accept such information as he can give us:—

There is often so much empty bluster in mere words, that if there existed no more positive proof of danger than the statements, arguments, and threats above quoted, we might perhaps, in the name of "economy," reasonably dismiss them to the winds. The following evidence will, however, show that the French nation, notwithstanding the violence of the political storms which have lately assailed them, and notwithstanding the difference of opinion that has convulsed them, have throughout the whole period of their afflictions, and under almost every description of government, *steadily, unceasingly, and at vast cost*, been making preparations for performing what for more than half a century they have THREATENED—namely, the invasion of England.

Extracts from the correspondence of the Times, described as from "an Officer of Experience in our own Service."—(See *Times*, September 10, 1850.)

[The striking article from which these extracts are taken, was published in full in No. 339 of the *Living Age*.]

Lastly, during England's late disagreement with France and Russia on the subject of Greece, after the French Ambassador had left this country, and while the Russian Ambassador was ready to leave it also, the *Times*, without creating the smallest excitement throughout the country, informed its readers of two ominous facts, namely—

1st, That, during the said discussion, France was *increasing* her number of seamen.

2d, That, as soon as the foresaid discussion ended, they were *dismissed*.

We regret to observe that, since then, the *Times* seems to have changed its tone on this very important subject, and it now regards the preparation necessary to insure the security of our country as too costly for the object proposed. This is a novel view even in ethics. We have been taught that it was our duty, in case of necessity, to expose even our lives in defence of our country; and we do hope that there are some among us who still adhere to that noble lesson. No such sacrifice is required just now. All that is demanded—and demanded it ought to be, not by isolated writers, or even high and competent authorities, but by the general voice of the nation—is, that our navy should be put upon efficient footing—that the Admiralty should be reformed, and no chief of it appointed who is not conversant with the details of the service of which he is selected as the head—that no other Minto should be allowed to make his high maritime office the source of family patronage—that a ready and constant supply of skilled and experienced seamen should be secured—and that the vast expenditure lavished on our ships should not be rendered nugatory for want of hands to man them adequately when launched. Furthermore, we require that the standing force of our army at home should be so augmented as to render it certain that, in any sudden emergency, we may not have to depend upon the voluntary efforts of a panic-stricken and undisciplined mob. We have already spoken of the chances of our being involved in war, and also of the possibility of an invasion; let us now examine what amount of disposable forces we have ready, in the event of such a terrible emergency. Our muster-roll, inferior certainly to the Homeric catalogue, is as follows:—in Great Britain and Ireland we have precisely 61,848 regular enlisted soldiers of all departments of the service! Of these, 24,000 are stationed in Ireland alone, whence, in the event of the occurrence of any disturbance, they could scarcely be withdrawn; so that the whole defensible force of England and of Scotland is reduced to rather less than 38,000 soldiers! That number would hardly be doubled were we to add the whole of the pensioners, more or less worn out, the corps of yeomanry, and the half-drilled workmen of the dock-yards; and with this force some of us are content to await invasion; whilst others, more reckless still, are even clamoring for its reduction! Further, as if we were resolved to push on folly to the furthest extreme, the drawing of the militia, has been, by act of Parliament, suspended; so that even that

slender thread, which in some degree connected the civilian with the military service, has been broken. This is the bare naked truth, with which foreigners are perfectly well acquainted, and which they will continue to bear in mind, notwithstanding our attempts to amuse them with glass-houses and gigantic toy-shops!

What would not the elder Bonaparte have given to find us in such a state! Very far, indeed, are we from imagining that the present president of the French Republic bears any personal ill-will to this country, wherein he has met with much hospitality; but, giving him the utmost credit for amicable dispositions and pacific intentions, we cannot forget the peculiarity of the position which he occupies, or the varied influences which control him. However we may wish to believe the contrary, it is certain that France regards herself rather as the rival than as the ally of England. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise. France has recollections, not of the most soothing kind, which no lapse of time has been able to efface; and these will infallibly, when an opportunity occurs, regulate her future conduct.

And how stands France at this moment with regard to military preparation? Observe—there is no enemy threatening her from without. Of all states in Europe she is the least likely to be attacked. Yet we find her available force as follows:

Regular troops.	
Staff,	3,826
Cavalry,	53,932
Infantry, &c.,	301,224
Artillery,	30,166
Engineers,	8,727
Pontoon train, &c.,	5,755
Total,	408,630
Garde Nationale.	
82 battalions of 1500 men,	123,000
2378 do. of 1000 men,	2,378,000
Of whom 2,000,000 are armed with firelocks.	2,501,000
To the above are to be added:—	
Garde Nationale of Paris,	129,800
Total,	2,630,800
Together, more than three millions of trained men!	

We need not dwell on the disproportion which is apparent here; indeed, our whole task is one from which we would most willingly have been held excused. It is not pleasant either to note or to reiterate the undoubted fact of our weakness; and yet what help is there, when purblind demagogues are allowed by senseless clamor to drown the accents of a voice still speaking to us from the verge of the grave! Let Sir Francis Head illustrate this point, and may his words sink deep in the heart of an unwise generation.

Why, we ask, have the Duke of Wellington's repeated prayers, supplications, admonitions, and warnings "to various administrations," and through the press to the British people, been so utterly disregarded! Without offering one word of adulation—we have personally no reason to do so—we cannot but observe, that no problem in

science, no theory, important or unimportant, has ever been more thoroughly investigated than the Duke of Wellington by his fellow-countrymen.

During the spring and summer of his life, the attention of the British nation followed consecutively each movement of his career in India, Portugal, Spain, Denmark, the Low Countries, France, and latterly in the senate. In the autumn of his life, the secret springs which had caused his principal military movements, as well as his diplomatic arrangements, were unveiled by the publication of despatches, letters and notes, official as well as private, which, without palliation or comment, developed the reasons—naked as they were born—upon which he had acted, on the spur of the moment, in the various predicaments in which he had been placed. In the winter of his life, bent by age, but with faculties matured rather than impaired by time, it has been his well-known practice, almost at the striking of the clock, to appear in his place in the house of lords, ready not only to give any reasonable explanations that might be required of him, but to disclose his opinions and divulge his counsel on subjects of the highest importance. Every word he has uttered in public has been recorded; many of his private observations have been repeated; his answers to applications of every sort have usually appeared in print; even his "F. M." epigrammatic notes to tradesmen and others, almost as rapid as they were written, have not only been published, but in one or two instances have actually been sold by auction. Wherever he walks, rides, or travels, he is observed; in short, there never has existed in any country a public servant whose conduct throughout his whole life has been more scrupulously watched, or whose sayings and doings have *by himself* been more guilelessly submitted to investigation. The result has been that monuments and inscriptions, in various parts of London, of the United Kingdom, and throughout our colonial empire, testify the opinion entertained in his favor; and yet, although in the royal palace, in both houses of Parliament, at public meetings, and in private society, every opportunity seems to be taken to express unbounded confidence in his military judgment, sagacity, experience, integrity and simplicity of character, yet in our legislature, in the queen's government, as well as throughout the country, there has for many years existed, and there still exists, an anomaly which foreigners observe with utter astonishment, and which history will not fail to record—viz., that his opinion of the *defenceless state of Great Britain* has, by statesmen, and by a nation who almost pride themselves on their total ignorance of the requirements of war, been utterly disregarded!

We have but little space left for further comment. We do not consider it necessary to follow Sir Francis Head through almost any portion of his masterly details, or to sketch, even in outline, the picture which he has drawn of the possible consequences of our supineness. On these points the book must speak for itself. We venture to think that it will not be without some effect, however it may be assailed by vulgar abuse, or depreciated by contemptible flippancy. It speaks home to the feelings of Englishmen, has the merit of great perspicuity, and deals prominently with facts which can neither be gainsaid nor denied.

Even to the apostles of peace—the fanatics, as we think, of the present age—Sir Francis holds out the olive branch. He represents to them, what they probably cannot see, that the only method of realizing their cherished idea of voluntary arbitration and reduction of armaments, is by maintaining at a crisis like the present the true balance of power. And certainly he is right, if there be anything at all in their scheme. For our own part, we hold it to be absolutely and entirely chimerical. It is a mere phase or fiction of that wretched notion of cosmopolitanism, which some years ago was preached by Cobden—a notion to which the events and experiences of each successive month have given the practical lie, and which never could have been hatched except in the addled brain of some ignorant and vain-glorious egotist. By herself, Britain must stand or fall. The good and the evil she has done—the influence which she has exerted, one way or the other, over the destinies of the human race, is written in the everlasting chronicle; and her fate is in the hand of Him who raises or crushes empires. What trials we may have to undergo—what calamities to suffer—what moral triumphs to achieve—are known to Omnipotence alone. But as a high rank in the scale of nations has been given us, let us, at all events, be true to ourselves, in so far as human prudence and manly foresight can avail. Let us not, for the sake of miserable mammon—or, still worse, for the crude theories of a pragmatist upstart—imperil the large liberties which have been left to us, as the best legacy of our forefathers. Our duty is to uphold, by all the means in our power, the honor and the integrity of our native land; nor dare we hope for the blessing or the countenance of the all-controlling Power, one moment after we have proved ourselves false to the country which gave us birth.

THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

OUR life rolls on, through weal and woe;
Time ever doth his harvest mow;
Hope ever doth a fresh one sow;
Clyde, foaming, ever falleth so.

All changeth in man's world below,
What now is high, now sinketh low;
All things unto their fate do go;
Clyde, falling, ever foameth so.

The birds their times appointed know;
In forest depths the great trees grow;
In winter duly comes the snow;
Clyde, foaming, ever falleth so.

The flowers aye in season blow;
In rain aye hangs the promised bow;
Ordered events in sequence flow;
Clyde, falling, ever foameth so.

Tait.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE STORY OF MARIA FORSTER.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JEAN PAUL.

THOSE who are familiar with the history of the first French Revolution will remember that, among the distinguished and amiable persons who fell by the guillotine, was a brave German gentleman named *Forster*. He had hailed the beginning of the revolution as the dawn of a new and glorified era of humanity, and stood by what he deemed a noble cause, till he saw the last spark of nobleness expire in the black ashes of the "Reign of Terror." It is he who compares this grand convulsion to "an explosion and new creation of the world," but likens the actors in it, as they busily buzzed about him, to a mere "handful of flies" (*handvoll Mücken*.) Falling under the suspicions of the "ruling powers," he indignantly disdained to avail himself of the means of flight that were secretly held out to him by his friends; and thus, after sacrificing country, and kindred, and fortune, and everything else that was dear to him, he had also to yield up his life, as the last contribution he could offer to the holy cause of liberty:—that liberty which, at its advent, came in the guise and glory of a god, but which afterwards took the shape of a raging and destroying fiend, and swept across the land, consuming everywhere its truest worshippers.

After his death, his widow retired, with her children, to nurse her sorrows amidst the pleasant scenery of the Rhine. Here, from earliest infancy, her two daughters were familiarized with the glowing forms of mountains, with forests, and streams, and waterfalls, and all the brilliant fascinations that appertain to nature in her grandest shapes. This wondrous scenery, the memory of the father's death, and the high-minded instructions of their mother, fostered in the daughters an impassioned love of solitude, and excited in one of them an enthusiasm of disposition which in the end became fatal to her peace. With everything about her to intoxicate the imagination, and with little of grave reality to balance it by cultivating the more sober faculties, Maria (as we believe, the elder) came indeed to live in an utterly ideal element, which she fancifully peopled with heroic beings, selected chiefly from the immortals of the ancient world, though a few of the more exalted moderns were admitted to the like distinction. With these phantoms of the mind she held a lofty converse; reading continually the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, along with the lessons of wisdom and of beauty which they offered her, some taint of a too extravagant veneration for the memories or persons of the writers. Not the less, however, did she devote herself with exact fidelity to all her filial and domestic duties; nor did she entirely avoid the society around her, or withdraw herself in disdain from all communication with common minds. On the contrary, she was ever ready to rejoice where there was gladness, and to sympathize with all the sorrowful; to participate, in short, in all the interests and affections in the midst of which she lived. Yet, when her daily rounds of work or of amusement had been finished, when the cares of the day were over, and night had covered all things with her dark and quiet mantle, she would turn with longing and with ecstasy to her beloved books, and sit for long hours in rapt communion with the spirits that spoke to her through their pages.

At this time the writings of Richter had become the general delight of Germany. Maria, when but a child of ten years old, had read some of them with a wondering and innocent admiration, and with childlike enthusiasm had written him a letter, expressing her thankfulness for the pleasure he had thus given her. As she grew up to womanhood, he became the ideal of everything in man that she had ever dreamed of or imagined. As he stood revealed to her in the tender and sentimental portions of his works, her imagination arrayed him with the grandest attributes; in him she saw the purest and holiest of men, a noble saint, a new redeemer, who alone could bear her over the waves and passions of this fretful life, and charm to rest and peacefulness her young but agitated heart. Then came over her the desire to be near him, to live in some relation in his presence, and to hold with him a closer spiritual and personal communion. So, in her thirteenth year, she wrote to him again, and said: "Is it not too bold—dare I to write to the dearest friend of man, and call him my father? Ah, I shall perhaps never see him whom I have to thank for so much, for the dearest benefits, the most elevated truths, all the good that excites my imitation, and a whole eternity that has opened before my soul. When I think on your infinite goodness, I burst into tears, and my heart is filled with blessings for you. This firm faith in you is a blessing of which no man can rob me. You will ask, perhaps, who it is that speaks thus boldly to you? But I am only a little girl, so little, that I need not mention my name. Ah, were I grown up, as I shall be, neither land nor sea should prevent me from *once* in my life seeing him who has long held the place of a father in my heart. But my own faults and intervening relations, hold me back; and I would not trust myself to write one word to you, if I did not hope to deserve your indulgence and pardon for my wishes." She further told him that her whole life was a continual "striving after goodness," and yet expressed herself distressed at the little progress she could make, owing, as she believed, to her defect of talent, rather than to any want of inward truthfulness or sincerity. Her highest wish, for the present, was to deserve the esteem of the good Richter, and to enjoy the satisfaction of having him once to call her *daughter*.

As she grew older, Maria still continued to write, closing every letter with an ardent wish to visit her admired author. The first portion of this later correspondence expressed only a longing for a mere spiritual union, deferring the hope of its fulfilment to that future world for which she earnestly prepared her soul. But at length her letters betrayed a desire to unite her being in some sort with the object of her veneration, to partake of the blessedness which she believed would spring from a living relationship with him, and she even signified her impatience for a more intimate connection. Without ever having seen the man, she had become madly in love with him; or rather in love with her own ideal—the extravagant conception which represented him in her imagination. As she became aware of this, and her eyes were opened to the strangeness of her longings, she was overwhelmed with the bitterest confusion at the wildness of her dreams. It seemed as with impious presumption she had stretched forth her hands to touch the sacred ark of genius, and now the invisible guardian of the ark would fiercely strike her dead! Hitherto her letters had been all anony-

mous, but the day after making a virtual acknowledgment of her passion, she wrote another letter with her name, imploring to be forgiven for the impatience of the last, and retracting the tender announcement it contained, though, by the confusion of her language, in fact repeating both. Still other letters followed in quick succession, wherein she strove in vain to conceal the conflict that was laying waste her moral nature; for while she prayed him to forget her, she still held fast the hope of being admitted to his presence.

While her letters were anonymous, of course none of them were answered. But now she waited in burning impatience for some reply. Day by day she waited; rising every morning in a flush of expectation, which was daily dissipated, like the gilded dews, or as the brilliant cloud-pictures that heralded the rising sun. In her excited mind she found no explanations for delay; she reckoned not the distance, the interruption of the post by the war-disturbed condition of the country, the literary labors of her friend, or the many possibilities that lie between the reception and the answer to a letter. One sole thought took possession of her mind—the thought that she was despised by the most revered of men; that where she had looked for sympathy and healing, she had found only unmerited contempt. All this pressed with an intolerable weight upon her soul. In the bitterness of her pangs she knew no rest. Like “Mariana in the moated grange”—

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
He only said, “My life is dreary,
He cometh not,” she said;
She said “I am away, weary,
I would that I were dead.”

Her self-tortured spirit was persuaded that in death only was peace. Accordingly, in the twilight of a May morning, she stole out of the house, and went with a fearful purpose to the river. The unrisen sun was sending forth his earliest messengers of light, and in the east they were strewing his path with splendors. The misty earth sent up her exhalations of mild incense, in mute worship of the brilliant power that was coming to make her glorious. The forms of the old mountains were clothed with mystic majesty, and, all around, the trees and flowers were still and solemn in their beauty. But the troubled eye saw little, and that dimly, of all this various spectacle; saw only the glimmering river, in whose cold and liquid arms she was longing to be hushed in final rest. Yet she looked round on the home where her mother was still sleeping, and which now the first sun-rays were just touching with a modest glory; and the thought of the inconsolable sorrow which she was about to bring upon that dear and widowed mother, suddenly came over her, and made her waver in her purpose. And now her sister, who had all night long unobserved been witness of Maria's agony, and had secretly followed her with fearful apprehensions, sprung with painful solicitude to her side, and saved her from her despair. Not yet was she fated to visit the dark kingdoms where the weary seek for quietness. They walked home in silence from the river's brink, and when calmer moments of reflection came, Maria resolved firmly never more to peril her mother's peace by any similar deed of rashness, or in any way to leave her while she lived.

Shortly afterwards, the long expected letter arrived from Richter. He said:—

Your four letters from a good but over-excited heart have been received. I guessed the name, and so did a friend of mine, in the first hour. Your noble, departed father is worthy of so good a daughter. But as the earth did not reward him, may he now, when he looks down upon his daughter, be rewarded by seeing her full of a pure ardor for goodness and virtue. He would speak to her thus—“May a good man receive my dear Maria as a daughter, and be to her a spiritual father. He will calm her excitement with a kindness and indulgence that cannot be imagined; he will tell her that in actual life, especially in marriage, the strength of passion in women, *even innocent violence*, has been the thorns and daggers upon which happiness has fallen and bled; that the mightiest and holiest of men, even Christ, was all gentleness, mildness, and peace. He will tell her she may soar with the wings of the *spirit*, but with the outward limbs must she only walk. She may kindle a holy fire in her heart, but must not *act* till the fire has become a pure light to guide her.” I also, who speak to you in the name of your own father, desire such for my dear Maria, and will be that father to her. Your dream to come to me, you have, on awaking, laid aside. Leave your mother? Never! I shall more probably go to you than you come here. I and my wife both love you, and greet you kindly. Remain always good, my daughter.

To this letter Maria answered gratefully, and forwarded, at the same time, a note she had written the night before the attempted suicide, in which she had entreated Richter to look upon her as one departed, since she could not endure to live under the thought of his contempt. He, on his part, was alarmed and shocked at the recklessness to which the choice between life and death seemed so indifferent. It seemed that the affair was growing ominously serious. However, after a short time, he wrote again:—

The abundance of what I have to say to you, of which much should go only from the lips to the ear, and my want of time, have delayed my answers to your last letters. The first that you wrote to me after my answer has shaken me more than any calamity for many years; for had it not been for an apparent accident, you would have thrown a frightful death-shadow over the whole of my future life. You should see my coffer of letters, of which at the best I have not, for want of time, answered one sixth part, and between me and my best friends there is often a delay of months. Your first four letters truly animated me. I saw in them only a rare, exalted love, and a glowing soul, but not a single line unworthy of you or of me, and I answered them with more interest and joy than I usually express. You demanded the answers only too hastily, too punctually. Might I then not have journeyed, or been sick, or dead, or absent, or engaged in business? The fearful step that you would on that account have taken, I must, notwithstanding the strength of mind it betrays, condemn most severely; but never let there be mention of it between us. Besides, I wish you, on your own account, and on mine, to show my two letters to your good mother, whose most painful sorrows I know well how to imagine. You think much too well of me as a man. No author can be as moral as his works, as no preacher is as pious as his sermons. Write to me in future very often of all that is nearest your heart, either of joy or sorrow. You will thus relieve your mind of what rests upon it. You have become, by a peculiar bond, more knit to my life than any other absent acquaintance—only draw not false conclusions from my long silence. Very delightful to me will be

our first meeting. May you be happy, my child; may these apparently only slightly and calmly written words rejoice, and not confuse or wound, your heart.

After the reception of this letter, a pensive calmness seemed to settle on the troubled brow. Maria sought to subdue her restlessness, and to sustain her soul in a state of pensive quietude. This, however, lasted but a little while. The poison of a never-to-be-satisfied and hopeless passion was circulating in the vital currents of her life, and could not be expelled. In the gloomy hour when she resolved on self-destruction, she had discovered or suspected that her inclination towards Richter was more than a girlish reverence; that it demanded a warmer and more welcome love than that of father or of friend; and therefore, seeing that she could not, without dishonor, cherish this unhappy passion, she came to a resolution never to see him who was its object, and bound herself with a solemn vow not again to indulge the wish of meeting.

With this feeling she wrote to him:—

The only honorable way that can lead me to the heart for which I so long, is the grave. You will never be seen by me on this earth, for I love you too much, therefore write to me something consoling; tell the poor Maria, that you will love her when we meet beyond this world. She can think of no joy in heaven, if there, as here, she is divided from the only soul through which she lives. Never again write me a letter so full of wisdom as the first, but rather one in which there is nothing but a lock of your hair; and be assured I will not cease to write till you tell me you have sent it willingly, and with the consent of your good wife also, for I deserve it, and would give half my hopes of happiness for it. I have no greeting for you from my mother, highly as she esteems Jean Paul, as neither she nor any one knows to whom I write, nor anything of the whole history. For, as she asked me *at that time*, "wherefore I would tear myself from her," I promised her never to leave her, if she would ask me no questions. She cannot know how resolute I am, nor yet again how unreserved, and that it is my dearest happiness that Jean Paul has taken me for his adopted child. Ah, my father, only love me, and be happy.

To an unromantic reader, the request of a "lock of hair" from a man about fifty years of age, may seem to have a shade of the ridiculous. Nevertheless, to poor Maria it was quite a precious gift. In her unhappy state of mind, this innocent memorial of a beloved head promised the tenderest consolation, and, in her esteem, would have a value utterly transcendent. She believed, apparently, that it would be one of the profoundest of satisfactions to her heart. It is true that, like a stream of oil, it might be likely to quicken rather than soothe the flames on which it was cast; yet, in her extreme yearning to quell her vast excitement, she might even think that this would yield her some relief. The cold, untroubled sense of man or woman must not too closely scan the dreams and longings of a distracted mind. Richter, for his part, did not as yet know how passionately she loved him; and, therefore, regarding her desire for his hair as a merely innocent and romantic whim, he good-naturedly complied with it; writing, at the same time, with a playful allusion to his scanty possession of the article.

"The lock," said he, "that my wife has just cut from my bald pate, is the best answer to your letter. Be not anxious, I pray you, that I shall let your letters, written as they will, be misunder-

stood to your disadvantage. I understand your warm, idealizing heart, and its great power: how, then, shall the words of a moment make me err! What I complain of is, that the sun-heat of your mind ripens too soon, or rather scorches and dries up its sweet fruit. Your vow never to see me comes to nothing, (now comes sermonizing, which you have forbidden,) for, in the first place, one cannot vow for others; and, secondly, we vow only to do what is good, and leave the bad; and this vow we bring with us into the world in the form of conscience, and no newer oath can contradict it. Another thing; to swear to avoid a certain city, or a certain man, without reason, is to seek to control Providence; and, finally, your vow does not extend to me, and I shall see you whenever I can. No; I paint to myself the hour when you will first see my Caroline and my children, and then me, and I shall also see all your friends. You are the only invisible correspondent to whom I write so unreservedly, and send my hair. Could I do it if I had not so much esteem for you, and so much confidence that you would do much more for me than I deserve or can ever repay! Would you only not err when from business or necessity I am silent to your letters. Do not torment yourself, for your pain is doubled in me.

"P. S.—I have much cause to wish that you should tell *all* to your mother and sister, and find in their confidential love no occasion for opposition."

The result of this, perhaps, too kind and tender letter was far otherwise than Richter had expected. The words so gently admonitory seemed, in Maria's view, to justify the fond belief that he was disposed to sanction and return her passion.

"He loves me!" she whispered frantically to herself; "he promises to seek me, nay, he even declares that he *suffers* on my account."

And again the hope, the burning fierce desire to see him, arose and raged within her; though, as one has said, "the veil of holy innocence lay upon her," and in less enraptured moments she was troubled with a fear that, in her communications with the beloved, she had passed the delicate bounds of womanly reserve; and this again distracted her. From the tone of her many letters, Richter observed, with deep anxiety, the terrific tempest in her soul, and, seeing that he could not calm it, he prudently left off writing. Then the poor bewildered girl began to see her error, and with heart-broken repentance wrote to him, promising to be again only a child, a loving child, who would look up to him as a kindly father who should guide her wandering feelings along the steadfast paths of goodness. After this Richter wrote to her again:—

I have received your last six letters regularly, but not always actually without the seals broken.* . . . Your last three letters were welcome to me, as they again beautifully spoke of the only *possible* relation that can exist between us—that of a father and daughter; a relation in which your first letters enchanted me, and which has hitherto remained unchanged on my part. In this relation *alone* I ventured to love you so deeply, to send you the lock of my hair, to give you my confidence, and to oppose your incomprehensible scruples to our meeting. The word father is, for a father, no less than the word daughter, a sacred and holy word—dearer than all other words! Why do you

* Richter, for some reason, wished her to understand that her letters were inspected at the post-office.

imagine me troubled? I am happy with my children and my Caroline, and as truly beloved by them as they are by me. The sciences are my heaven. Why then should I be unhappy, except at these disastrous times, when all the nations of Europe bleed? Your unreserve gives me no pain; at least, unless you feel it yourself; on the contrary, it gives me only joy. You idolize me too much, instead of following my counsels. I shall, therefore, offer you no more advice, so well do I know the female heart, especially the souls of fire to which you belong. Send me, instead of letters that I have not time to answer, rather journals of your life, your family, your little experiences. May I be well with you, dear daughter, and the gentle spirit of love, without that of fire, fill your breast.

In soliciting her "little experiences," Richter apparently wished to divert the gloomy intensity of feeling under which she was suffering, into a channel in which it should have harmless play; to suggest to her, indeed, an interesting occupation, whereby she might record her personal history, and exhibit her excited feelings, in the shape of some real or imaginary narrative, which, by the time and labor needed for its elaboration, would possibly prevent her from dwelling too exclusively upon the remorses and distractions of the hour. As it was, Maria was perpetually perplexing herself with new devices of self-torture; vague notions of intolerable dread arose and haunted her in solitary reveries; her being was a wilderness wherein all fearful and distressing images roamed at large in dim confusion, and where there breathed or bloomed no longer any pleasant thought or thing, but only wild and unconquerable agencies of desolation. Anchoring with long continuance by "one gloomy thought," her soul, when it strove again to brave the perils of the depths of life, was floated wide away out of the genial latitudes of hope, and was wrecked in darkness and tempest on the sandbanks of despair. It seemed to her, at last, that the image of the best and most beloved of men, which she in her idolatry had set up and consecrated in her heart, had, in the delirium of her adoration, been insufferably profaned, and she deemed that an expiation was demanded for the sin. Thus her thoughts flew back to suicide, that drear mystical gulf of desperation, of whose shores only the desperate have knowledge. Not forgetful, however, of her former vow, she determined not to sacrifice herself while her mother was still living. But the mother died, and then she believed she was at liberty to make choice of her own destiny. There was yet another tie which bound her strongly to the earth—her solitary orphan sister, who would be left without a friend. But, as if fate had predestinated and prepared her doom, a friend of the family, who had been long absent from the neighborhood, unexpectedly returned, and to him, as she conceived, she might safely leave her sister for protection.

Filled with an unquenchable anguish, with a riotous restlessness that she could not calm, she now thought she would go to the beloved, and, in meek prostration at his feet, solicit some word of hope and comfort. Yet, pondering this great adventure, she speedily recoiled from it, deeming that the meeting she desired was an impossible one on earth, and must be left for another world, where there would exist none but spiritual relations. As she could not now have hope to merge her life in unison with his, she would defer the aspiration for fulfillment to a period when worldly ties should be dissolved. Aimless, expectationless, and refusing to be comforted, she at length resolved, in her deep

wretchedness, to take a clandestine flight to those invisible kingdoms of hope and dread which lie across the bridgeless stream of death. For this dark journey she prepared herself with singular deliberation. The domestic affairs of her friend and sister were all carefully arranged; whatever she was capable of providing for their comfort was minutely and quietly provided; and when all her duties had, as she conceived, been scrupulously performed, she wrote the following final letter to Richter:—

Do not be angry, dearest father, at receiving these lines from your unfortunate Maria. My mother has been two months dead, and she will consent that I shall now follow her. She wished me to take care of my sister—that is done. Her happiness is secure, and I can no longer endure to live where mine has so incomprehensibly failed. Ah! in the great universe of God there will yet be a place where I can recover my peace, and be as I wish. I have suffered so much! I dare to die! Ah! you will despise me as long as I live, for you will never understand how I have languished to do something for you, or for those dear to you, and how much the thought has killed me, when I learned that I could not make you happy. But despise me not so much, as not to let your children, of whom I cannot think without tears, accept a little present from me. Let them not know from whom it came. I would willingly be wholly forgotten, and, unmarked, vanish away. No one can learn my history from myself. I have burnt all books and journals. Your hair only remains on my neck, and I take it with me. Farewell, beloved father! Ah, that it must be so with me! Oh, that it were all a dream, and that I had never written to you! My unfortunate spirit will hover about you. Perhaps I shall be permitted to give you a sign, or to bring you some higher knowledge.

On the day she wrote this letter, Maria employed herself in her customary manner. In the evening she prepared the usual meal for her friend and sister, and, as the former stated afterwards, "fulfilled with graceful attention the duties of a kind and careful hostess." She arose from the table to write a letter, and about eight o'clock asked her sister to sit down at the piano, embracing her, at the same moment, with warmth and agitation. She turned away from her, and threw herself on the breast of their mutual friend, saying to him, with choking voice, "*Take care of my poor sister:*" and then abruptly left the room. When she had gone, the attention of the friend and sister was attracted by the letters she had left behind; their anxiety was instantly aroused, and they hastened out in search of her. They met a multitude of people bringing back her drowned body, which a fisherman had just taken from the stream. They bore it into the nearest house, and applied the ordinary means of resuscitation. Once the unhappy girl opened her eyes for an instant, but being resolved to die, she resisted all the efforts made for her recovery; and, although she became for a time conscious, calm, and self-possessed, she breathed her final sigh before the morning.

The intelligence was sent to Richter, along with the letter already cited, and cast a cloud over his life which it took a long time to clear away. He rejoiced, however, that he had not followed the counsels of some who had advised him to treat the unfortunate with ridicule and severity. The amiable Eliza Lee, (from whose modest and graceful "Life of Richter" the letters here quoted have been taken,) conceives that Jean Paul somewhat erred, nevertheless, in his treatment of this poor

girl. She thinks that had he permitted her to visit him, she would probably have been cured of her unlucky passion. The sight of a man fifty years of age, with the look of a farmer more than of a poet, might have brought the bewildered damsel to her senses. "She would have found him fulfilling the duties of a good citizen, a kind father, a faithful husband; leading a prosaic life," with birds and squirrels about his house; paying rents and taxes, and butchers' and bakers' bills, like any other respectable man of civilized society; and the sight and knowledge of these things might have subdued the fever of her imagination, and taught her the bounden need of conforming her notions of men and things to the actual standard they present in every-day reality. We know not what ultimate effect such an arrangement might have produced, but it seems to us that there was at least one very strong objection to it; for, however sensible and charitable a man's wife may be, (and Richter's Caroline was eminent in these respects,) it would be hardly likely to contribute to her comfort to introduce as guest into the family a romantic maiden of seventeen, who was violently and avowedly in love with her husband! We incline to think that the proper cure must have been sought for in other directions. If it were put to a jury of married women, we fancy they would unanimously acquit Richter of the charge of blame implied in his refusal to admit Miss Forster into his family. It were difficult to say what ought to have been done in a case so painful and peculiar. There may be a question whether Richter ought to have written so many of those pretty letters. Perhaps, to have drawn her away from solitude into occupations and amusements suited to an intellectual and generous girl, to have given her a larger and more accurate knowledge of the living world, to have allowed her more action and less sentiment, might have gradually enabled her to gain command over her feelings, and in that case would have restored her to

reasonable views of her position. Yet it is idle to speculate; rarely is a danger apprehended before it has befallen us; nay, how often will it happen that, even if a danger be foreseen, there is wanting either the energy or the means for avoiding it?

This, then, is the literal story of Maria Forster. A noble-minded, high-spirited, passionate, and heroic girl, whose soul was planted with the elements of all greatness, but which rose not to maturity from lack of a suitable cultivation. Nature had endowed her with sense, imagination, large capacity of emotion, courage, and aspirations that towered after a goodness unattainable; but these, unhappily, were all distorted, disrupted, perversely developed, by an extravagant sentimentalism, natural to her character, and also signally encouraged by the circumstances and environment in which she lived. She was one to whom it would have been a blessing to be less bountifully gifted; A child of passion and of fire, whose heart, like a volcano, cast up a burning lava which consumed it, producing barrenness and desolation where the gentlest flowerage of the affections might have grown.

Is there, anywhere among the places which these pages visit, any flashing and unquiet eye, a heart in its best impulses too vehement, and whose imaginative affluence might clothe with grandeur whatsoever form of man or woman it might honor, let it be warned that the *imagination has its perils as well as its delights*, and that, to be of any avail in the concerns of mortal and eternal life, it must be controlled by conscience, reason, and the power of self-restraint. The column that is most beautiful looks most sadly in its fall, but must lie in its shivered prostration thenceforth irrecoverable and un-restored forevermore. That which is lost through perversion of the sentiments, or by a misapplication of the faculties, is lost totally to the soul; even as a star that might be extinguished would be an everlasting diminution of the splendors of the universe.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WHO ROLLED THE POWDER IN?

A LAY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Upon this the conversation dropped, and soon afterwards Tresham departed. When he found himself alone, he suffered his rage to find vent in words. "Perdition seize them!" he cried; "I shall now lose two thousand pounds, in addition to what I have already advanced; and, as Mountangle will not have the disclosure made till the beginning of November, there is no way of avoiding payment. They would not fall into the snare I laid to throw the blame of the discovery, when it takes place, upon their own indiscretion. But I must devise some other plan."—*Ainsworth's Life and Times of Guy Fawkes.*

THEY 've done their task, and every cask
Is piled within the cell;
They 've heaped the wood in order good,
And hid the powder well.
And Guido Fawkes, who seldom talks,
Remarked with cheerful glee—
"The moon is bright—they 'll fly by night,
Now, sirs, let 's turn the key."
The wind without blew cold and stout,
As though it smelt of snow—
But was 't the breeze that made the knees
Of Tresham tremble so?
With ready hand, at Guy's command,
He rolled the powder in;
But what 's the cause that Tresham's jaws
Are chattering to the chin?
Nor wine nor beer his heart can cheer,
As in his chamber lone

He walks the plank with heavy clank,
And vents the frequent groan.
"Alack!" quoth he, "that this should be—
Alack, and well-a-day!
I had the hope to bring the Pope,
But in a different way.

"I 'd risk a rope to bring the Pope
By gradual means and slow;
But Guido Fawkes, who seldom talks,
Won't let me manage so.
That furious man has hatched a plan
That must undo us all;
He 'd blow the Peers unto the spheres,
And throne the Cardinal!

"It 's time I took from other book
Than his a saving leaf;
I 'll do it—yes! I 'll e'en confess,
Like many a conscious thief,
And on the whole, upon my soul,
As Garnet used to teach,
When human schemes are vain as dreams,
'T is always best to peach!

"My mind 's made up!" He drained the cup,
Then straightway sate him down,
Divulged the whole, whitewashed his soul,
And saved the British crown:—
Disclosed the walks of Guido Fawkes,
And swore, with pious aim,
That from the first he thought him cursed,
And still opined the same.

Poor Guido died, and Tresham eyed
His dangling corpse on high;
Yet no one durst reflect at first
On him who played the spy.
Did any want a Protestant,
As stiff as a rattan,
To rail at home 'gainst priests at Rome—
Why, Tresham was their man!

'Twas nothing though he'd kissed the toe
Abroad in various ways,
Or managed rather that his wife's father
Should bear the blame and praise.
Yet somehow men, who knew him when
He wooed the Man of Sin,
Would slightly sneer, and whisper near,
Who rolled the powder in?

MORAL.

If you, dear youth, are bent on truth,
In these degenerate days,
And if you dare one hour to spare
For aught but "Roman Lays;"
If, shunning rhymes, you read the *Times*,
And search its columns through,
You'll find perhaps that Tresham's lapse
Is matched by something new.
Our champion John, with armor on,
Is ready now to stand
(For so we hope) against the Pope,
At least on English land.
'Gainst foreign rule and Roman bull
He'll fight, and surely win.
But—tarry yet—and don't forget
Who rolled the powder in!

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

IN spite of all his Machiavellian wisdom, Dr. Riccabocca had been foiled in his attempt to seduce Leonard Fairfield into his service, even though he succeeded in partially winning over the widow to his views. For to her he represented the worldly advantages of the thing. Lenny would learn to be fit for more than a day-laborer; he would learn gardening, in all its branches—rise some day to be a head gardener. "And," said Riccabocca, "I will take care of his book learning, and teach him whatever he has a head for."

"He has a head for everything," said the widow.

"Then," said the wise man, "everything shall go into it."

The widow was certainly dazzled; for, as we have seen, she highly prized scholarly distinction, and she knew that the parson looked upon Riccabocca as a wondrous learned man. But still, Riccabocca was said to be a papist, and suspected to be a conjurer. Her scruples on both these points the Italian, who was an adept in the art of talking over the fair sex, would no doubt have dissipated, if there had been any use in it; but Lenny put a dead stop to all negotiations. He had taken a mortal dislike to Riccabocca; he was very much frightened by him—and the spectacles, the pipe, the cloak, the long hair, and the red umbrella; and said so sturdily, in reply to every overture—"Please, sir, I'd rather not; I'd rather stay along with mother"—that Riccabocca was forced to suspend all further experiments in his Machiavellian diplomacy. He was not at all cast down, however, by his first failure; on the contrary, he was one of those men whom opposition stimulates. And what before had been but a suggestion of prudence, became an object of desire. Plenty of other lads might no doubt be had on as reasonable terms as Lenny Fairfield; but the moment Lenny presumed to baffle the Italian's designs upon him, the special acquisition of Lenny became of paramount importance in the eyes of Signor Riccabocca.

Jackeymo, however, lost all his interest in the traps, snares, and gins which his master proposed to lay for Leonard Fairfield, in the more immediate surprise that awaited him on learning that Dr. Riccabocca had accepted an invitation to pass a few days at the Hall.

"There will be no one there but the family," said Riccabocca. "Poor Giacomo, a little chat in the servants' hall will do you good; and the

squire's beef is more nourishing, after all, than the sticklebacks and minnows. It will lengthen your life."

"The padrone jests," said Jackeymo stately, "as if any one could starve in his service."

"Um," said Riccabocca. "At least, faithful friend, you have tried that experiment as far as human nature will permit;" and he extended his hand to his fellow-exile with that familiarity which exists between servant and master in the usages of the continent. Jackeymo bent low, and a tear fell upon the hand he kissed.

"*Cospetto!*" said Dr. Riccabocca, "a thousand mock pearls do not make up the cost of a single true one! The tears of women, we know their worth; but the tear of an honest man—Fie, Giacomo!—at least I can never repay you this! Go and see to our wardrobe."

So far as his master's wardrobe was concerned, that order was pleasing to Jackeymo; for the doctor had in his drawers suits which Jackeymo pronounced to be as good as new, though many a long year had passed since they left the tailor's hands. But when Jackeymo came to examine the state of his own clothing department, his face grew considerably longer. It was not that he was without other clothes than those on his back—quantity was there, but the quality! Mournfully he gazed on two suits, complete in the three separate members of which man's raiments are composed; the one suit extended at length upon his bed, like a veteran stretched by pious hands after death; the other brought piecemeal to the invidious light—the *torso* placed upon a chair, the limbs dangling down from Jackeymo's melancholy arm. No bodies long exposed at the Morgue could evince less sign of resuscitation than those respectable defuncts! For, indeed, Jackeymo had been less thrifty of his apparel—more *profusus sui*—than his master. In the earliest days of their exile, he preserved the decorous habit of dressing for dinner—it was a respect due to the padrone—and that habit had lasted till the two habits on which it necessarily depended had evinced the first symptoms of decay; then the evening clothes had been taken into morning wear, in which hard service they had breathed their last.

The doctor, notwithstanding his general philosophical abstraction from such household details, had more than once said, rather in pity to Jackeymo, than with an eye to that respectability which

the costume of the servant reflects on the dignity of the master—"Giacomo, thou wantest clothes; fit thyself out of mine!"

And Jackeymo had bowed his gratitude, as if the donation had been accepted; but the fact was, that that same fitting-out was easier said than done. For, though—thanks to an existence mainly upon sticklebacks and minnows—both Jackeymo and Riccabocca had arrived at that state which the longevity of misers proves to be most healthful to the human frame—viz., skin and bone—yet, the bones contained in the skin of Riccabocca all took longitudinal directions; while those in the skin of Jackeymo spread out latitudinally. And you might as well have made the bark of a Lombardy poplar serve for the trunk of some dwarfed and pollarded oak—in whose hollow the Babes of the Wood could have slept at their ease—as have fitted out Jackeymo from the garb of Riccabocca. Moreover, if the skill of the tailor could have accomplished that undertaking, the faithful Jackeymo would never have had the heart to avail himself of the generosity of his master. He had a sort of religious sentiment, too, about those vestments of the padrone. The ancients, we know, when escaping from shipwreck, suspended in the votive temple the garments in which they had struggled through the wave. Jackeymo looked on those relics of the past with a kindred superstition. "This coat the padrone wore on such an occasion. I remember the very evening the padrone last put on these pantaloons!" And coat and pantaloons were tenderly dusted, and carefully restored to their sacred rest.

But now, after all, what was to be done? Jackeymo was much too proud to exhibit his person, to the eyes of the squire's butler, in habiliments discreditable to himself and the padrone. In the midst of his perplexity the bell rang, and he went down into the parlor.

Riccabocca was standing on the hearth under his symbolical representation of the "*Patrie Exul*."

"Giacomo," quoth he, "I have been thinking that thou hast never done what I told thee, and fitted thyself out from my superfluities. But we are going row into the great world; visiting once begun, Heaven knows where it may stop! Go to the nearest town and get thyself clothes. Things are dear in England. Will this suffice?" And Riccabocca extended a £5 note.

Jackeymo, we have seen, was more familiar with his master than we formal English permit our domestics to be with us. But in his familiarity he was usually respectful. This time, however, respect deserted him.

"The padrone is mad!" he exclaimed; "he would sling away his whole fortune if I would let him. Five pounds English, or a hundred and twenty-six pounds Milanese!* Santa Maria! Unnatural father! And what is to become of the poor signorina! Is this the way you are to marry her in the foreign land!"

"Giacomo," said Riccabocca, bowing his head to the storn; "the signorina to-morrow; to-day, the honor of the house. Thy small-clothes, Giacomo. Miserable man, thy small-clothes!"

"It is just," said Jackeymo, recovering himself, and with humility; "and the padrone does right to blame me, but not in so cruel a way. It is just—the padrone lodges and boards me, and gives me handsome wages, and he has a right to expect that I should not go in this figure."

* By the pounds Milanese, Giacomo means the Milanese lira.

"For the board and the lodgment, good," said Riccabocca. "For the handsome wages, they are the visions of thy fancy!"

"They are no such thing," said Jackeymo, "they are only in arrear. As if the padrone could not pay them some day or other—as if I was demeaning myself by serving a master who did not intend to pay his servants! And can't I wait? Have I not my savings too? But be cheered, be cheered; you shall be contented with me. I have two beautiful suits still. I was arranging them when you rang for me. You shall see, you shall see."

And Jackeymo hurried from the room, hurried back into his own chamber, unlocked a little trunk which he kept at his bed head, tossed out a variety of small articles, and from the deepest depth extracted a leathern purse. He emptied the contents on the bed. They were chiefly Italian coins, some five-franc pieces, a silver medallion enclosing a little image of his patron saint—San Giacomo—one solid English guinea, and two or three pounds' worth in English silver. Jackeymo put back the foreign coins, saying prudently, "One will lose on them here;" he seized the English coins, and counted them out. "But are you enough, you rascals!" quoth he angrily, giving them a good shake. His eye caught sight of the medallion—ho paused; and after eying the tiny representation of the saint with great deliberation, he added, in a sentence which he must have picked up from the proverbial aphorisms of his master—

"What's the difference between the enemy who does not hurt me, and the friend who does not serve me! *Monsignore San Giacomo*, my patron saint, you are of very little use to me in the leathern bag. But if you help me to get a new pair of small-clothes on this important occasion, you will be a friend indeed. *Alla bisogna Monsignore*." Then, gravely kissing the medallion, he thrust it into one pocket, the coins into the other, made up a bundle of the two defunct suits, and, muttering to himself, "Beast, miser that I am, to disgrace the padrone, with all these savings in his service!" ran down stairs into his pantry, caught up his hat and stick, and in a few moments more was seen trudging off to the neighboring town of L—

Apparently the poor Italian succeeded, for he came back that evening in time to prepare the thin gruel which made his master's supper, with a suit of black—a little threadbare, but still highly respectable—two shirt fronts, and two white cravats. But, out of all this finery, Jackeymo held the small-clothes in especial veneration; for, as they had cost exactly what the medallion had sold for, so it seemed to him that San Giacomo had heard his prayer in that quarter to which he had more exclusively directed the saint's direction. The other habiliments came to him in the merely human process of sale and barter; the small-clothes were the personal gratuity of San Giacomo!

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE has been subjected to many ingenious comparisons; and if we do not understand it any better, it is not for want of what is called "reasoning by illustration." Amongst other resemblances, there are moments when, to a quiet contemplator, it suggests the image of one of those rotatory entertainments commonly seen in fairs, and known by the name of "whirligigs or roundabouts," in which each participator of the pastime, seated on his hobby, is always apparently in the act of pursuing

some one before him, while he is pursued by some one behind. Man, and woman too, are naturally animals of chase; the greatest still find something to follow, and there is no one too humble not to be an object of prey to another. Thus, confining our view to the village of Hazeldean, we behold in this whirligig Dr. Riccabocca spurring his hobby after Lenny Fairfield; and Miss Jemima on her decorous wide-saddle, whipping after Dr. Riccabocca. Why, with so long and intimate a conviction of the villany of our sex, Miss Jemima should resolve upon giving the male animal one more chance of redeeming itself in her eyes, I leave to the explanation of those gentlemen who profess to find "their only books in woman's looks." Perhaps it might be from the over-tenderness and clemency of Miss Jemima's nature; perhaps it might be that, as yet, she had only experienced the villany of man born and reared in these cold northern climates; and in the land of Petrarch and Romeo, of the citron and myrtle, there was reason to expect that the native monster would be more amenable to gentle influences, less obstinately hardened in his iniquities. Without entering further into these hypotheses, it is sufficient to say, that on Signor Riccabocca's appearance in the drawing-room at Hazeldean, Miss Jemima felt more than ever rejoiced that she had relaxed in his favor her general hostility to man. In truth, though Frank saw something quizzical in the old-fashioned and outlandish cut of the Italian's sober dress; in his long hair, and the *chapeau bras*, over which he bowed so gracefully, and then pressed it, as if to his heart, before tucking it under his arm, after the fashion in which the gizzard reposes under the wing of a roasted pullet; yet it was impossible that even Frank could deny to Riccabocca that praise which is due to the air and manner of an unmistakable gentleman. And certainly as, after dinner, conversation grew more familiar, and the parson and Mrs. Dale, who had been invited to meet their friend, did their best to draw him out, his talk, though sometimes a little too wise for his listeners, became eminently animated and agreeable. It was the conversation of a man who, besides the knowledge which is acquired from books and life, had studied the art which becomes a gentleman—that of pleasing in polite society. Riccabocca, however, had more than this art—he had one which is often less innocent—the art of penetrating into the weak side of his associates, and of saying the exact thing which hits it plump in the middle, with the careless air of a random shot.

The result was, that all were charmed with him; and that even Captain Barnabas postponed the whist-table for a full hour after the usual time. The doctor did not play—he thus became the property of the two ladies, Miss Jemima and Mrs. Dale.

Seated between the two, in the place rightfully appertaining to Flimsey, who this time was fairly dislodged, to her great wonder and discontent, the doctor was the emblem of true Domestic Felicity, placed between Friendship and Love.

Friendship, as became her, worked quietly at the embroidered pocket-handkerchief, and left Love to its more animated operations. "You must be very lonely at the Casino," said Love in a sympathizing tone.

"Madam," replied Riccabocca, gallantly, "I shall think so when I leave you."

Friendship cast a sly glance at Love—Love blushed or looked down on the carpet, which comes

to the same thing. "Yet," began Love again—"yet solitude, to a feeling heart—"

Riccabocca thought of the note of invitation, and involuntarily buttoned his coat, as if to protect the individual organ thus alarmingly referred to.

"Solitude, to a feeling heart, has its charms. It is so hard even for us, poor ignorant women, to find a congenial companion—but for *you*!" Love stopped short, as if it had said too much, and smelt confusedly at its bouquet.

Dr. Riccabocca cautiously lowered his spectacles, and darted one glance, which, with the rapidity and comprehensiveness of lightning, seemed to envelope and take in it, as it were, the whole inventory of Miss Jemima's personal attractions. Now, Miss Jemima, as I have before observed, had a mild and pensive expression of countenance, and she would have been positively pretty, had the mildness looked a little more alert, and the pensiveness somewhat less lackadaisical. In fact, though Miss Jemima was constitutionally mild, she was not *de naturâ* pensive; she had too much of the Hazeldean blood in her veins for that sullen and viscid humor called melancholy, and therefore this assumption of pensiveness really spoilt her character of features, which only wanted to be lighted up by a cheerful smile to be extremely prepossessing. The same remark might apply to the figure, which—thanks to the same pensiveness—lost all the undulating grace which movement and animation bestow on the fluent curves of the feminine form. The figure was a good figure, examined in detail—a little thin, perhaps, but by no means emaciated—with just and elegant proportions, and naturally light and flexible. But that same unfortunate pensiveness gave the whole a character of inertness and languor; and when Miss Jemima reclined on the sofa, so complete seemed the relaxation of nerve and muscle, that you would have thought she had lost the use of her limbs. Over her face and form, thus defrauded of the charms Providence had bestowed on them, Dr. Riccabocca's eye glanced rapidly; and then moving nearer to Mrs. Dale—"Defend me" (he stopped a moment, and added,) "from the charge of not being able to appreciate congenial companionship."

"Oh! I did not say that!" cried Miss Jemima.

"Pardon me," said the Italian, "if I am so dull as to misunderstand you. One may well lose one's head, at least, in such a neighborhood as this." He rose as he spoke, and bent over Frank's shoulder to examine some Views of Italy, which Miss Jemima (with what, if wholly unselfish, would have been an attention truly delicate) had extracted from the library in order to gratify the guest.

"Most interesting creature, indeed," sighed Miss Jemima, "but too—too flattering!"

"Tell me," said Mrs. Dale gravely, "do you think, love, that you could put off the end of the world a little longer, or must we make haste in order to be in time?"

"How wicked you are!" said Miss Jemima, turning aside.

Some few minutes afterwards, Mrs. Dale contrived it so that Dr. Riccabocca and herself were in a further corner of the room, looking at a picture said to be by Wouvermans.

Mrs. Dale.—"She is very amiable, Jemima, is she not?"

Riccabocca.—"Exceedingly so. Very fine battle-piece!"

Mrs. Dale.—“So kind-hearted.”

Riccabocca.—“All ladies are. How naturally that warrior makes his desperate cut at the runaway!”

Mrs. Dale.—“She is not what is called regularly handsome, but she has something very winning.”

Riccabocca, with a smile.—“So winning, that it is strange she is not won. That gray mare in the foreground stands out very boldly!”

Mrs. Dale, distrusting the smile of Riccabocca, and throwing in a more effective grape charge.—“Not won yet; and it is strange!—she will have a very pretty fortune.”

Riccabocca.—“Ah!”

Mrs. Dale.—“Six thousand pounds, I daresay—certainly four.”

Riccabocca, suppressing a sigh, and with his wonted address.—“If Mrs. Dale were still single, she would never need a friend to say what her portion might be; but Miss Jemima is so good that I am quite sure it is not Miss Jemima's fault that she is still—Miss Jemima!”

The foreigner slipped away as he spoke, and sat himself down beside the whist-players.

Mrs. Dale was disappointed, but certainly not offended. “It would be such a good thing for both,” muttered she, almost inaudibly.

“Giacomo,” said Riccabocca, as he was undressing, that night, in the large, comfortable, well-carpeted English bedroom, with that great English four-posted bed in the recess which seems made to shame folks out of single-blessedness.—“Giacomo, I have had this evening the offer of probably six thousand pounds—certainly of four thousand.”

“*Cosa meravigliosa!*” exclaimed Jackeymo—“miraculous thing!” and he crossed himself with great fervor. “Six thousand pounds English! why, that must be a hundred thousand—blockhead that I am!—more than a hundred and fifty thousand pounds Milanese!” And Jackeymo, who was considerably enlivened by the squire's ale, commenced a series of gesticulations and capers, in the midst of which he stopped and cried, “But not for nothing!”

“Nothing! no!”

“These mercenary English!—the government wants to bribe you.”

“That 's not it.”

“The priests want you to turn heretic.”

“Worse than that,” said the philosopher.

“Worse than that! O Padrone! for shame.”

“Don't be a fool, but pull off my pantaloons—they want me never to wear these again!”

“Never to wear what!” exclaimed Jackeymo, staring outright at his master's long legs in their linen drawers—“never to wear—”

“The breeches,” said Riccabocca, laconically.

“The barbarians!” faltered Jackeymo.

“My nightcap!—and never to have any comfort in this,” said Riccabocca, drawing on the cotton head-gear; “and never to have any sound sleep in that,” pointing to the four-posted bed. “And to be a bondsman and a slave,” continued Riccabocca, waxing wroth; “and to be wheedled and purred at, and pawed, and clawed, and scolded, and fondled, and blinded, and deafened, and bridled, and saddled—bedevilled and—married.”

“Married!” said Jackeymo, more dispassionately—“that 's very bad, certainly; but more than a hundred and fifty thousand *lire*, and perhaps a pretty young lady, and”—

“Pretty young lady!” growled Riccabocca,

jumping into bed and drawing the clothes fiercely over him. “Put out the candle, and get along with you—do, you villainous old incendiary!”

CHAPTER IX.

It was not many days since the resurrection of those ill-omened stocks, and it was evident already, to an ordinary observer, that something wrong had got into the village. The peasants wore a sullen expression of countenance; when the Squire passed, they took off their hats with more than ordinary formality, but they did not return the same broad smile to his quick, hearty “Good day, my man.” The women peered at him from the threshold or the casement, but did not, as was their wont, (at least the wont of the prettiest,) take occasion to come out to catch his passing compliment on their own good looks, or their tidy cottages. And the children, who used to play after work on the site of the old stocks, now shunned the place, and, indeed, seemed to cease play altogether.

On the other hand, no man likes to build, or rebuild, a great public work for nothing. Now that the squire had resuscitated the stocks, and made them so exceedingly handsome, it was natural that he should wish to put somebody into them. Moreover, his pride and self-esteem had been wounded by the parson's opposition; and it would be a justification to his own forethought, and a triumph over the parson's understanding, if he could satisfactorily and practically establish a proof that the stocks had not been repaired before they were wanted.

Therefore, unconsciously to himself, there was something about the Squire more burly, and authoritative, and menacing than heretofore. Old Gaffer Solomons observed, “that they had better moind well what they were about, for that the Squire had a wicked look in the tail of his eye—just as the dun bull had afore it tossed neighbor Barnes' little boy.”

For two or three days these mute signs of something brewing in the atmosphere had been rather noticeable than noticed, without any positive overt act of tyranny on the one hand, or rebellion on the other. But on the very Saturday night in which Dr. Riccabocca was installed in the four-posted bed in the chintz chamber, the threatened revolution commenced. In the dead of that night, personal outrage was committed on the stocks. And on the Sunday morning, Mr. Stirn, who was the earliest riser in the parish, perceived, in going to the farmyard, that the nob of the column that flanked the board had been feloniously broken off; that the four holes were bunged up with mud; and that some jacobinical villain had carved on the very centre of the flourish or scroll work, “Dam the stoks!” Mr. Stirn was much too vigilant a right-hand man, much too zealous a friend of law and order, not to regard such proceedings with horror and alarm. And when the Squire came into his dressing-room at half-past seven, his butler (who fulfilled also the duties of valet) informed him, with a mysterious air, that Mr. Stirn had something “very partikler to communicate, about a most howdacious midnight 'spiracy and 'sault.”

The Squire started, and bade Mr. Stirn be admitted.

“Well!” cried the Squire, suspending the operation of stropping his razor.

Mr. Stirn groaned.

“Well, man, what now?”

“I never knowed such a thing in this here parish

afore," began Mr. Stirn, "and I can only 'count for it by 'sposing that them foreign Papishers have been semminating"—

"Been what?"

"Semminating"—

"Disseminating, you blockhead—disseminating what?"

"Damn the stocks," began Mr. Stirn, plunging right in *medias res*, and by a fine use of one of the noblest figures in rhetoric.

"Mr. Stirn!" cried the squire, reddening, "did you say 'Damn the stocks!'—damn my new handsome pair of stocks!"

"Lord forbid, sir; that's what *they* say; that's what they have digged on it with knives and daggers, and they have stuffed mud in its four holes, and broken the capital of the elevation."

The squire took the napkin off his shoulder, laid down strop and razor; he seated himself in his arm-chair majestically, crossed his legs, and in a voice that affected tranquillity, said—

"Compose yourself, Stirn; you have a deposition to make, touching an assault upon—can I trust my senses!—upon my new stocks. Compose yourself—be calm. NOW! What the devil is come to the parish?"

"Ah, sir, what indeed?" replied Mr. Stirn; and then, laying the fore-finger of the right hand on the palm of the left, he narrated the case.

"And whom do you suspect? Be calm now, don't speak in a passion. You are a witness, sir—a dispassionate, unprejudiced witness. Zounds and fury! this is the most insolent, unprovoked, diabolical—but whom do you suspect, I say?"

Stirn twirled his hat, elevated his eyebrows, jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and whispered—"I hear as how the two Papishers slept at your honor's last night."

"What, dolt! do you suppose Dr. Rickeybockey got out of his warm bed to bung up the holes in my new stocks!"

"No; he's too cunning to do it himself, but he may have been semminating. He's mighty thick with Parson Dale, and your honor knows as how the parson set his face agin the stocks. Wait a bit, sir—don't fly at me yet. There be a boy in this here parish!"

"A boy!—ah, fool, now you are nearer the mark. The parson write 'Damn the stocks,' indeed! What boy do you mean?"

"And that boy be cockered up much by Mister Dale; and the papisher went and sat with him and his mother a whole hour t'other day; and that boy is as deep as a well; and I seed him lurking about the place, and hiding hisself under the tree the day the stocks was put up—and that ere boy is Lenny Fairfield."

"Whew," said the squire, whistling, "you have not your usual senses about you to-day, man. Lenny Fairfield—pattern boy of the village. Hold your tongue. I dare say it is not done by any one in the parish, after all; some good-for-nothing vagrant—that cursed tinker, who goes about with a very vicious donkey—whom, by the way, I caught picking thistles out of the very eyes of the old stocks! Shows how the tinker brings up his donkeys! Well, keep a sharp look-out. To-day is Sunday; worst day of the week, I'm sorry and ashamed to say, for rows and depredations. Between the services, and after evening church, there are always idle fellows from all the neighboring country about, as you know too well. Depend on it, the real culprits will be found gathering round

the stocks, and will betray themselves: have your eyes, ears, and wits about you, and I've no doubt we shall come to the rights of the matter before the day's out. And if we do," added the squire, "we'll make an example of the ruffian!"

"In course," said Stirn; "and if we don't find him, we must make an example all the same. That's where it is, sir. That's why the stocks ben't respected; they have not had an example yet—we wants an example."

"On my word, I believe that's very true; and the first idle fellow you catch in anything wrong we'll clap in, and keep him there for two hours at least."

"With the biggest pleasure, your honor—that's what it is."

And Mr. Stirn, having now got what he considered a complete and unconditional authority over all the legs and wrists of Hazeldean parish, quoad the stocks, took his departure.

CHAPTER X.

"RANDAL," said Mrs. Leslie, on this memorable Sunday—"Randal, do you think of going to Mr. Hazeldean's?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Randal. "Mr. Egerton does not object to it; and as I do not return to Eton, I may have no other opportunity of seeing Frank for some time. I ought not to fail in respect to Mr. Egerton's natural heir!"

"Gracious me!" cried Mrs. Leslie, who, like many women of her cast and kind, had a sort of worldliness in her notions, which she never evinced in her conduct—"gracious me!—natural heir to the old Leslie property!"

"He is Mr. Egerton's nephew, and," added Randal, ingeniously letting out his thoughts, "I am no relation to Mr. Egerton at all."

"But," said poor Mrs. Leslie, with tears in her eyes, "it would be a shame in the man, after paying your schooling and sending you to Oxford, and having you stay with him in the holidays, if he did not mean anything by it."

"Anything, mother—yes—but not the thing you suppose. No matter. It is enough that he has armed me for life, and I shall use the weapons as seems to me best."

Here the dialogue was suspended, by the entrance of the other members of the family, dressed for church.

"It can't be time for church! No! it can't!" exclaimed Mrs. Leslie. She was never in time for anything.

"Last bell ringing," said Mr. Leslie, who, though a slow man, was methodical and punctual. Mrs. Leslie made a frantic rush at the door, the Montfydget blood now being in a blaze—whirled up the stairs—gained her room, tore her best bonnet from the peg, snatched her newest shawl from the drawers, crushed the bonnet on her head, flung the shawl on her shoulders, thrust a desperate pin into its folds, in order to conceal a buttonless yawn in the body of her gown, and then flew back like a whirlwind. Meanwhile, the family were already out of doors, in waiting; and, just as the bell ceased, the procession moved from the shabby house to the dilapidated church.

The church was a large one, but the congregation was small, and so was the income of the parson. It was a lay rectory, and the great tithes had belonged to the Leslies, but they had been long since sold. The vicarage, still in their gift, might be worth a little more than £100 a year. The present

incumbent had nothing else to live upon. He was a good man, and not originally a stupid one; but penury and the anxious cares for wife and family, combined with what may be called *solitary confinement* for the cultivated mind, when, amidst the two-legged creatures round, it sees no other cultivated mind with which it can exchange an extra-parochial thought—had lulled him into a lazy mournfulness, which at times was very like imbecility. His income allowed him to do no good to the parish, whether in work, trade, or charity; and thus he had no moral weight with the parishioners beyond the example of his sinless life, and such negative effect as might be produced by his slumberous exhortations. Therefore his parishioners troubled him very little; and but for the influence which, in hours of Montfydget activity, Mrs. Leslie exercised over the most tractable—that is, the children and the aged—not half-a-dozen persons would have known or cared whether he shut up his church or not.

But our family were seated in state in their old seigniorial pew, and Mr. Dumdrum, with a nasal twang, went lugubriously through the prayers; and the old people who could sin no more, and the children who had not yet learned to sin, croaked forth responses that might have come from the choral frogs in Aristophanes. And there was a long sermon *apropos* to nothing which could possibly interest the congregation—being, in fact, some controversial homily, which Mr. Dumdrum had composed and preached years before. And when this discourse was over, there was a loud universal grunt, as if of release and thanksgiving, and a great clatter of shoes—and the old hobbled, and the young scrambled, to the church door.

Immediately after church, the Leslie family dined; and, as soon as dinner was over, Randal set out on his foot journey to Hazeldean Hall.

Delicate and even feeble though his frame, he had the energy and quickness of movement which belong to nervous temperaments; and he tasked the slow stride of a peasant, whom he took to serve him as a guide for the first two or three miles. Though Randal had not the gracious open manner with the poor which Frank inherited from his father, he was still (despite many a secret hypocritical vice, at war with the character of a gentleman) gentleman enough to have no churlish pride to his inferiors. He talked little, but he suffered his guide to talk; and the boor, who was the same whom Frank had accosted, indulged in eulogistic comments on that young gentleman's poofy, from which he diverged into some compliments on the young gentleman himself. Randal drew his hat over his brows. There is a wonderful tact and fine breeding in your agricultural peasant; and though Tom Stowell was but a brutish specimen of the class, he suddenly perceived that he was giving pain. He paused, scratched his head, and, glancing affectionately towards his companion, exclaimed—

"But I shall live to see you on a handsomer beast than that little pony, Master Randal; and sure I ought, for you be as good a gentleman as any in the land."

"Thank you," said Randal. "But I like walking better than riding—I am more used to it."

"Well, and you walk bra'ly—there ben't a better walker in the county. And very pleasant it is walking; and 'tis a pretty country afore you, all the way to the Hall."

Randal strode on, as if impatient of these attempts to flatter or to soothe; and, coming at length into a

broader lane, said—"I think I can find my way now. Many thanks to you, Tom;" and he forced a shilling into Tom's horny palm. The man took it reluctantly, and a tear started to his eye. He felt more grateful for that shilling than he had for Frank's liberal half-crown; and he thought of the poor fallen family, and forgot his own dire wrestle with the wolf at his door.

He staid lingering in the lane till the figure of Randal was out of sight, and then returned slowly. Young Leslie continued to walk on at a quick pace. With all his intellectual culture, and his restless aspirations, his breast afforded him no thought so generous, no sentiment so poetic, as those with which the unlettered clown crept slouchingly homeward.

As Randal gained a point where several lanes met on a broad piece of waste land, he began to feel tired, and his step slackened. Just then a gig emerged from one of these by-roads, and took the same direction as the pedestrian. The road was rough and hilly, and the driver proceeded at a foot's pace; so that the gig and the pedestrian went pretty well abreast.

"You seem tired, sir," said the driver, a stout young farmer of the higher class of tenants, and he looked down compassionately on the boy's pale countenance and weary stride.

"Perhaps we are going the same way, and I can give you a lift?"

It was Randal's habitual policy to make use of every advantage proffered to him, and he accepted the proposal frankly enough to please the honest farmer.

"A nice day, sir," said the latter, as Randal sat by his side. "Have you come far?"

"From Rood Hall."

"Oh, you be young Squire Leslie," said the farmer, more respectfully, and lifting his hat.

"Yes, my name is Leslie. You know Rood, then?"

"I was brought up on your father's land, sir. You may have heard of Farmer Bruce?"

Randal—"I remember, when I was a little boy, a Mr. Bruce, who rented, I believe, the best part of our land, and who used to bring us cakes when he called to see my father. He is a relation of yours?"

Farmer Bruce—"He was my uncle. He is dead now, poor man."

Randal—"Dead! I am grieved to hear it. He was very kind to us children. But it is, long since he left my father's farm."

Farmer Bruce, apologetically—"I am sure he was very sorry to go. But, you see, he had an unexpected legacy—"

Randal—"And retired from business?"

Farmer Bruce—"No. But having capital, he could afford to pay a good rent for a real good farm."

Randal, bitterly—"All capital seems to fly from the lands of Rood. And whose farm did he take?"

Farmer Bruce—"He took Hawleigh, under Squire Hazeldean. I rent it now. We've laid out a power o' money on it. But I don't complain. It pays well."

Randal—"Would the money have paid as well, sunk on my father's land?"

Farmer Bruce—"Perhaps it might, in the long run. But then, sir, we wanted new premises—barns and cattle-sheds, and a deal more—which the landlord should do; but it is not every landlord as can afford that. Squire Hazeldean's a rich man."

Randal.—“Ay!”

The road now became pretty good, and the farmer put his horse into a brisk trot.

“But which way be you going sir? I don’t care for a few miles more or less, if I can be of service.”

“I am going to Hazeldean,” said Randal, rousing himself from a reverie. “Don’t let me take you out of your way.”

“Oh, Hawleigh Farm is on the other side of the village, so it be quite my way, sir.”

The farmer then, who was really a smart young fellow—one of that race which the application of capital to land has produced, and which, in point of education and refinement, are at least on a par with the squires of a former generation—began to talk about his handsome horse, about horses in general, about hunting and coursing; he handled all these subjects with spirit, yet with modesty. Randal pulled his hat still lower down over his brows, and did not interrupt him till past the Casino, when, struck by the classic air of the place, and catching a scent from the orange trees, the boy asked abruptly—“Whose house is that?”

“Oh, it belongs to Squire Hazeldean, but it is let or lent to a foreign mounseer. They say he is quite the gentleman, but uncommonly poor.”

“Poor,” said Randal, turning back to gaze on the trim garden, the neat terrace, the pretty belvedere, and, (the door of the house being open,) catching a glimpse of the painted hall within—“poor, the place seems well kept. What do you call poor, Mr. Bruce?”

The farmer laughed. “Well, that’s a home question, sir. But, I believe the mounseer is as poor as a man can be who makes no debts and does not actually starve.”

“As poor as my father?” asked Randal openly and abruptly.

“Lord, sir! your father be a very rich man compared to him.”

Randal continued to gaze, and his mind’s eye conjured up the contrast of his slovenly shabby home, with all its neglected appurtenances! No trim garden at Rood Hall, no scent from odorous orange blossoms. Here, poverty, at least, was elegant—there, how squalid! He did not comprehend at how cheap a rate the luxury of the beautiful can be effected. They now approached the extremity of the squire’s park pales; and Randal, seeing a little gate, bade the farmer stop his gig, and descended. The boy plunged amidst the thick oak groves; the farmer went his way blithely, and his mellow merry whistle came to Randal’s moody ear as he glided quick under the shadow of the trees.

He arrived at the Hall, to find that all the family were at church; and, according to the patriarchal custom, the church-going family embraced nearly all the servants. It was, therefore, an old invalid housemaid who opened the door to him. She was rather deaf, and seemed so stupid that Randal did not ask leave to enter and wait for Frank’s return. He, therefore, said briefly that he would just stroll on the lawn, and call again when church was over.

The old woman stared, and strove to hear him; meanwhile Randal turned round abruptly, and sauntered towards the garden side of the handsome old house.

There was enough to attract any eye in the smooth greensward of the spacious lawn—in the numerous parterres of varying flowers—in the venerable grandeur of the two mighty cedars, which

threw their still shadows over the grass—and in the picturesque building, with its projecting mullions and heavy gables; yet I fear that it was with no poet’s nor painter’s eye that this young old man gazed on the scene before him.

He beheld the evidence of wealth—and the envy of wealth jaundiced his soul.

Folding his arms on his breast, he stood awhile, looking all around him with closed lips and lowering brow; then he walked slowly on, his eyes fixed on the ground, and muttered to himself—

“The heir to this property is little better than a dunce; and, they tell me, I have talents and learning, and I have taken to my heart the maxim, ‘Knowledge is power.’ And yet, with all my struggles, will knowledge ever place me on the same level as that on which this dunce is born? I don’t wonder that the poor should hate the rich. But of all the poor, who should hate the rich like the pauper gentleman? I suppose Audley Egerton means me to come into Parliament, and be a tory like himself. What! keep things as they are? No; for me not even democracy, unless there first come revolution. I understand the cry of a Marat—‘More blood!’ Marat had lived as a poor man, and cultivated science—in the sight of a prince’s palace.”

He turned sharply round, and glanced vindictively on the poor old hall, which, though a very comfortable habitation, was certainly no palace; and, with his arms still folded on his breast, he walked backward, as if not to lose the view, nor the chain of ideas it conjured up.

“But,” he continued to soliloquize—“but of revolution there is no chance. Yet the same wit and will that would thrive in revolutions should thrive in this common-place life. Knowledge is power. Well, then, shall I have no power to oust this blockhead? Oust him—what from? His father’s halls? Well—but if he were dead, who would be the heir of Hazeldean? Have I not heard my mother say that I am as near in blood to this squire as any one, if he had no children? Oh, but the boy’s life is worth ten of mine! Oust him from what? At least from the thoughts of his uncle Egerton—an uncle who has never even seen him! That, at least, is more feasible. ‘Make my way in life,’ sayest thou, Audley Egerton. Ay—and to the fortune thou hast robbed from my ancestors. Simulation—simulation. Lord Bacon allows simulation. Lord Bacon practised it—and!”

Here the soliloquy came to a sudden end; for as, rapt in his thoughts, the boy had continued to walk backwards, he had come to the verge where the lawn slid off into the ditch of the ha-ha—and, just as he was fortifying himself by the precept and practice of my Lord Bacon, the ground went from under him, and slap into the ditch went Randal Leslie!

It so happened that the squire, whose active genius was always at some repair or improvement, had been but a few days before widening and sloping off the ditch just in that part, so that the earth was fresh and damp, and not yet either turfed or flattened down. Thus, when Randal, recovering his first surprise and shock, rose to his feet, he found his clothes covered with mud; while the rudeness of the fall was evinced by the fantastic and extraordinary appearance of his hat, which, hollowed here, bulging there, and crushed out of all recognition generally, was as little like the hat of a decorous, hard-reading young gentleman—*protégé* of the dignified Mr. Audley Egerton—as any hat

picked out of a kennel after some drunken brawl possibly could be.

Randal was dizzy, and stunned, and bruised, and it was some moments before he took heed of his raiment. When he did so, his spleen was greatly aggravated. He was still boy enough not to like the idea of presenting himself to the unknown squire, and the dandy Frank, in such a trim; he resolved at once to regain the lane and return home, without accomplishing the object of his journey; and seeing the footpath right before him, which led to a gate that he conceived would admit him into the highway sooner than the path by which he had come, he took it at once.

It is surprising how little we human creatures heed the warnings of our good genius. I have no doubt that some benignant Power had precipitated Randal Leslie into the ditch, as a significant hint of the fate of all who choose what is, now-a-days, by no means an uncommon step in the march of intellect—viz., the walking backwards, in order to gratify a vindictive view of one's neighbor's property! I suspect that, before this century is out, many a fine fellow will thus have found his ha-ha, and scrambled out of the ditch with a much shabbier coat than he had on when he fell into it. But Randal did not thank his good genius for giving him a premonitory tumble;—and I never yet knew a man who did!

CHAPTER XI.

THE squire was greatly ruffled at breakfast that morning. He was too much an Englishman to bear insult patiently, and he considered that he had been personally insulted in the outrage offered to his recent donation to the parish. His feelings, too, were hurt as well as his pride. There was something so ungrateful in the whole thing, just after he had taken so much pains, not only in the resuscitation, but the embellishment of the stocks. It was not, however, so rare an occurrence for the squire to be ruffled, as to create any remark. Riccabocca indeed, as a stranger, and Mrs. Hazelden, as a wife, had the quick tact to perceive that the host was glum and the husband snappish; but the one was too discreet and the other too sensible, to chafe the new sore, whatever it might be; and shortly after breakfast the squire retired into his study, and absented himself from morning service.

In his delightful *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, Mr. Foster takes care to touch our hearts by introducing his hero's excuse for not entering the priesthood. He did not feel himself good enough. Thy Vicar of Wakefield, poor Goldsmith, was an excellent substitute for thee; and Dr. Primrose, at least, will be good enough for the world until Miss Jemima's fears are realized. Now, Squire Hazelden had a tenderness of conscience much less reasonable than Goldsmith's. There were occasionally days in which he did not feel good enough—I don't say for a priest, but even for one of the congregation—"days in which, (said the squire in his own blunt way,) as I have never in my life met a worse devil than a devil of a temper, I'll not carry mine into the family pew. He shan't be growling out hypocritical responses from my poor grandmother's prayer-book." So the squire and his demon staid at home. But the demon was generally cast out before the day was over; and, on this occasion, when the bell rang for afternoon service, it may be presumed that the squire had reasoned or fretted himself into a proper state of mind; for he was then seen sallying forth from the porch of his hall,

arm-in-arm with his wife, and at the head of his household. The second service was (as is commonly the case, in rural districts) more numerous attended than the first one; and it was our parson's wont to devote to this service his most effective discourse.

Parson Dale, though a very fair scholar, had neither the deep theology nor the archaeological learning that distinguish the rising generation of the clergy. I much doubt if he could have passed what would now be called a creditable examination in the Fathers; and as for all the nice formalities in the rubric, he would never have been the man to divide a congregation or puzzle a bishop. Neither was Parson Dale very erudite in ecclesiastical architecture. He did not much care whether all the details in the church were purely gothic or not; crockets, and finials, round arch and pointed arch, were matters, I fear, on which he had never troubled his head. But one secret Parson Dale did possess, which is perhaps of equal importance with those subtler mysteries—he knew how to fill his church! Even at morning service no pews were empty, and at evening service the church overflowed.

Parson Dale, too, may be considered, now-a-days, to hold but a mean idea of the spiritual authority of the church. He had never been known to dispute on its exact bearing with the state—whether it was incorporated with the state, or above the state—whether it was antecedent to the Papacy, or formed from the Papacy, &c., &c. According to his favorite maxim, *Quæta non movere*, (not to disturb things that are quiet,) I have no doubt that he would have thought that the less discussion is provoked upon such matters, the better for both church and laity. Nor had he ever been known to regret the disuse of the ancient custom of excommunication, nor any other diminution of the powers of the priesthood, whether minatory or militant; yet for all this, Parson Dale had a great notion of the sacred privilege of a minister of the gospel—to advise—to deter—to persuade—to reprove. And it was for the evening service that he prepared those sermons, which may be called, "sermons that preach at you." He preferred the evening for that salutary discipline, not only because the congregation was more numerous, but also because, being a shrewd man in his own innocent way, he knew that people bear better to be preached at after dinner than before; that you arrive more insinuatingly at the heart when the stomach is at peace. There was a genial kindness in Parson Dale's way of preaching at you. It was done in so imperceptible, fatherly a manner, that you never felt offended. He did it, too, with so much art that nobody but your own guilty self knew that you were the sinner he was exhorting. Yet he did not spare rich nor poor; he preached at the squire, and that great fat farmer, Mr. Bullock, the churchwarden, as boldly as at Hodge the ploughman, and Scrub the hedger. As for Mr. Stirn, he had preached at him more often than at any one in the parish; but Stirn, though he had the sense to know it, never had the grace to reform. There was, too, in Parson Dale's sermons, something of that boldness of illustration which would have been scholarly if he had not made it familiar, and which is found in the discourses of our elder divines. Like them, he did not scruple, now and then, to introduce an anecdote from history, or borrow an allusion from some non-scriptural author, in order to enliven the attention of his audience, or render an argument more plain. And the good man had an

object in this, a little distinct from, though wholly subordinate to, the main purpose of his discourse. He was a friend to knowledge—but to knowledge accompanied by religion; and sometimes his references to sources not within the ordinary reading of his congregation would spirit up some farmer's son, with an evening's leisure on his hands, to ask the parson for further explanation, and so be lured on to a little solid or graceful instruction under a safe guide.

Now, on the present occasion, the parson, who had always his eye and heart on his flock, and who had seen with great grief the realization of his fears at the revival of the stocks; seen that a spirit of discontent was already at work amongst the peasants, and that magisterial and inquisitorial designs were darkening the natural benevolence of the squire; seen, in short, the signs of a breach between classes, and the precursors of the ever inflammable feud between the rich and the poor, meditated nothing less than a great Political Sermon—a sermon that should extract from the roots of social truths a healing virtue for the wound that lay sore, but latent, in the breast of his parish of Hazeldean:

And thus ran—

The Political Sermon of Parson Dale.

CHAPTER XII.

For every man shall bear his own burden.

Galatians vi. 5.

BRETHREN, every man has his burden. If God designed our lives to end at the grave, may we not believe that he would have freed an existence so brief from the cares and sorrows to which, since the beginning of the world, mankind has been subjected? Suppose that I am a kind father, and have a child whom I dearly love, but I know, by a divine revelation, that he will die at the age of eight years, surely I should not vex his infancy by needless preparations for the duties of life. If I am a rich man, I should not send him from the caresses of his mother to the stern discipline of school. If I am a poor man, I should not take him with me to hedge and dig, to scorch in the sun, to freeze in the winter's cold; why inflict hardships on his childhood, for the purpose of fitting him for manhood, when I know that he is doomed not to grow into man? But if, on the other hand, I believe my child is reserved for a more durable existence, then should I not, out of the very love I bear to him, prepare his childhood for the struggle of life, according to that station in which he is born, giving many a toil, many a pain to the infant, in order to rear and strengthen him for his duties as man? So is it with our Father that is in Heaven. Viewing this life as our infancy, and the next as our spiritual maturity, where “in the ages to come, he may show the exceeding riches of his grace,” it is in his tenderness, as in his wisdom, to permit the toil and the pain which, in tasking the powers and developing the virtues of the soul, prepare it for “the earnest of our inheritance, the redemption of the purchased possession.” Hence it is that every man has his burden. Brethren, if you believe that God is good, yea, but as tender as a human father, you will know that your troubles in life are a proof that you are reared for an eternity. But each man thinks his own burden the hardest to bear; the poor man groans under his poverty, the rich man under the cares that multiply with wealth. For, so far from wealth freeing us from trouble, all the

wise men who have written in all ages, have repeated with one voice the words of the wisest, “When goods increase, they are increased that eat them; and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes!” And this is literally true, my brethren; for, let a man be as rich as was the great King Solomon himself, unless he lock up all his gold in a chest, it must go abroad to be divided amongst others; yea, though, like Solomon, he make him great works—though he build houses and plant vineyards, and make him gardens and orchards—still the gold that he spends feeds but the mouths he employs; and Solomon himself could not eat with a better relish than the poorest mason who builded the house, or the humblest laborer who planted the vineyard. Therefore, “when goods increase, they are increased that eat them.” And this, my brethren, may teach us toleration and compassion for the rich. We share their riches whether they will or not; we do not share their cares. The profane history of our own country tells us that a princess, destined to be the greatest queen that ever sat on this throne, envied the milk-maid singing; and a profane poet, whose wisdom was only less than that of the inspired writers, represents the man who by force and wit had risen to be a king, sighing for the sleep vouchsafed to the meanest of his subjects—all bearing out the words of the son of David—“The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.”

Amongst my brethren now present, there is doubtless some one who has been poor, and by honest industry has made himself comparatively rich. Let his heart answer me while I speak; are not the chief cares that now disturb him to be found in the goods he hath acquired?—has he not both vexations to his spirit and trials to his virtue, which he knew not when he went forth to his labor, and took no heed of the morrow? But it is right, my brethren, that to every station there should be its care—to every man his burden; for if the poor did not sometimes so far feel poverty to be a burden as to desire to better their condition, and (to use the language of the world) “seek to rise in life,” their most valuable energies would never be aroused; and we should not witness that spectacle, which is so common in the land we live in—namely, the successful struggle of manly labor against adverse fortune—a struggle in which the triumph of one gives hope to thousands. It is said that necessity is the mother of invention; and the social blessings which are now as common to us as air and sunshine, have come from that law of our nature which makes us aspire towards indefinite improvement, enriches each successive generation by the labors of the last, and, in free countries, often lifts the child of the laborer to place amongst the rulers of the land. Nay, if necessity is the mother of invention, poverty is the creator of the arts. If there had been no poverty, and no sense of poverty, where would have been that which we call the wealth of a country? Subtract from civilization all that has been produced by the poor, and what remains!—the state of the savage. Where you now see laborer and prince, you would see equality indeed—the equality of wild men. No; not even equality there! for there, brute force becomes lordship, and woe to the weak! Where you now see some in frieze, some in purple, you would see nakedness in all. Where stand the palace and the cot, you would behold but mud huts

and caves. As far as the peasant excels the king among savages, so far does the society exalted and enriched by the struggles of labor excel the state in which Poverty feels no disparity, and Toil sighs for no ease. On the other hand, if the rich were perfectly contented with their wealth, their hearts would become hardened in the sensual enjoyments it procures. It is that feeling, by Divine Wisdom implanted in the soul, that there is vanity and vexation of spirit in the things of Mammon, which still leaves the rich man sensitive to the instincts of heaven, and teaches him to seek for happiness in those elevated virtues to which wealth invites him—namely, protection to the lowly and beneficence to the distressed.

And this, my brethren, leads me to another view of the vast subject opened to us by the words of the apostle—"Every man shall bear his own burden." The worldly conditions of life are unequal. Why are they unequal? O my brethren, do you not perceive? Think you that, if it had been better for our spiritual probation that there should be neither great nor lowly, rich nor poor, Providence would not so have ordered the dispensations of the world, and so, by its mysterious but merciful agencies, have influenced the framework and foundations of society? But if, from the remotest period of human annals, and in all the numberless experiments of government which the wit of man has devised, still this inequality is ever found to exist, may we not suspect that there is something in the very principles of our nature to which that inequality is necessary and essential? Ask why this inequality? Why! as well ask why life is the sphere of duty and the nursery of virtues. For if all men were equal, if there were no suffering and no ease, no poverty and no wealth, would you not sweep with one blow the half at least of human virtues from the world? If there were no penury and no pain, what would become of fortitude?—what of patience?—what of resignation? If there were no greatness and no wealth, what would become of benevolence, of charity, of the blessed human pity, of temperance in the midst of luxury, of justice in the exercise of power? Carry the question further; grant all conditions the same—no reverse, no rise and no fall—nothing to hope for, nothing to fear—what a moral death you would at once inflict upon all the energies of the soul, and what a link between the heart of man and the Providence of God would be snapped asunder! If we could annihilate evil, we should annihilate hope; and hope, my brethren, is the avenue to faith. If there be "a time to weep, and a time to laugh," it is that he who mourns may turn to eternity for comfort, and he who rejoices may bless God for the happy hour. Ah! my brethren, were it possible to annihilate the inequalities of human life, it would be the banishment of our worthiest virtues, the torpor of our spiritual nature, the palsy of our mental faculties. The moral world, like the world without us, derives its health and its beauty from diversity and contrast.

"Every man shall bear his own burden." True: but now turn to an earlier verse in the same chapter—"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Yes: while Heaven ordains to each his peculiar suffering, it connects the family of man into one household, by that feeling which, more perhaps than any other, distinguishes us from the brute creation—I mean the feeling to which we give the name of *sympathy*—the feeling for each other! The herd of deer shun the stag

that is marked by the gunner; the flock heedeth not the sheep that creeps into the shade to die; but man has sorrow and joy not in himself alone, but in the joy and sorrow of those around him. He who feels only for himself abjures his very nature as man; for do we not say of one who has no tenderness for mankind that he is *inhuman*? and do we not call him who sorrows with the sorrowful, *humane*?

Now, brethren, that which especially marked the divine mission of our Lord, is the direct appeal to this sympathy which distinguishes us from the brute. He seizes, not upon some faculty of genius given but to few, but upon that ready impulse of heart which is given to us all; and in saying, "Love one another," "Bear ye one another's burdens," he elevates the most delightful of our emotions into the most sacred of his laws. The lawyer asks our Lord, "Who is my neighbor?" Our Lord replies by the parable of the good Samaritan. The priest and the Levite saw the wounded man that fell among the thieves, and passed by on the other side. That priest might have been austere in his doctrine, that Levite might have been learned in the law; but neither to the learning of the Levite, nor to the doctrine of the priest, does our Saviour even deign to allude. He cites but the action of the Samaritan, and saith to the lawyer, "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that showed mercy unto him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise."

O shallowness of human judgments! It was enough to be born a Samaritan in order to be rejected by the priest, and despised by the Levite. Yet now, what to us the priest and the Levite, of God's chosen race, though they were? They passed from the hearts of men when they passed the sufferer by the wayside; while this loathed Samaritan, half thrust from the pale of the Hebrew, becomes of our family, of our kindred; a brother amongst the brotherhood of Love, so long as Mercy and Affliction shall meet in the common thoroughfare of Life!

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Think not, O my brethren, that this applies only to almsgiving—to that relief of distress which is commonly called charity—to the obvious duty of devoting, from our superfluities, something that we scarcely miss, to the wants of a starving brother. No. I appeal to the poorest amongst ye, if the worst burdens are those of the body—if the kind word and the tender thought have not often lightened your hearts more than bread bestowed with a grudge, and charity that humbles you by a frown. Sympathy is a beneficence at the command of us all—yea, of the pauper as of the king; and sympathy is Christ's wealth. Sympathy is brotherhood. The rich are told to have charity for the poor, and the poor are enjoined to respect their superiors. Good; I say not to the contrary. But I say also to the poor, "*In your turn have charity for the rich*;" and I say to the rich, "*In your turn respect the poor*."

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Thou, O poor man, envy not nor grudge thy brother his larger portion of worldly goods. Believe that he hath his sorrows and crosses like thyself, and perhaps, as more delicately nurtured, he feels them more; nay, hath he not temptations so great that our Lord hath exclaimed—"How hardly they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!" And what are temptations

but trials?—what are trials but perils and sorrows? Think not that you cannot bestow your charity on the rich man, even while you take your sustenance from his hands. A heathen writer, often cited by the earliest preachers of the gospel, hath truly said—"Wherever there is room for a man, there is place for a benefit."

And I ask any rich brother amongst you, when he hath gone forth to survey his barns and his granaries, his gardens and orchards, if suddenly, in the vain pride of his heart, he sees the scowl on the brow of the laborer—if he deems himself hated in the midst of his wealth—if he feels that his least faults are treasured up against him with the hardness of malice, and his plainest benefits received with the ingratitude of envy—I ask, I say, any rich man, whether straightway all pleasure in his worldly possessions does not fade from his heart, and whether he does not feel what a wealth of gladness it is in the power of the poor man to bestow! For all these things of Mammon pass away; but there is in the smile of him whom we have served, a something that we may take with us into heaven. If, then, ye bear one another's burdens, they who are poor will have mercy on the errors, and compassion for the griefs, of the rich. To all men it was said—yes, to the Lazarus as to the Dives—"Judge not, that ye be not judged." But think not, O rich man, that we preach only to the poor. If it be their duty not to grudge thee thy substance, it is thine to do all that may sweeten their labor. Remember, that when our Lord said "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven," he replied also to them who asked, "Who then shall be saved?" "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God;" that is, man left to his own temptations would fail; but, strengthened by God, he shall be saved. If thy riches are the tests of thy trial, so may they also be the instruments of thy virtues. Prove by thy riches that thou art compassionate and tender, temperate and benign; and thy riches themselves may become the evidence at once of thy faith and of thy works.

We have constantly on our lips the simple precept, "Do unto others as ye would be done by." Why do we fail so often in the practice? Because we neglect to cultivate that SYMPATHY which nature implants as an instinct, and the Saviour exalts as a command. If thou wouldst do unto thy neighbor as thou wouldst be done by, ponder well how thy

neighbor will regard the action thou art about to do to him. Put thyself into his place. If thou art strong, and he is weak, descend from thy strength, and enter into his weakness; lay aside thy burden for the while, and buckle on his own; let thy sight see as through his eyes—thy heart beat as in his bosom. Do this, and thou wilt often confess that what had seemed just to thy power will seem harsh to his weakness. For "as a zealous man hath not done his duty, when he calls his brother drunkard and beast,"* even so an administrator of the law mistakes his object if he writes on the grand column of society, only warnings that irritate the bold, and terrify the timid; and a man will be no more in love with law than with virtue, "if he be forced to it with rudeness and incivilities."* If, then, ye would bear the burden of the lowly, O ye great—feel not only for them, but *with*! Watch that your pride does not chafe them—your power does not wantonly gail. Your worldly inferior is of the class from which the apostles were chosen—amidst which the Lord of Creation descended from a throne above the seraphs.

The parson here paused a moment, and his eye glanced towards the pew near the pulpit, where sat the magnate of Hazeldean. The squire was leaning his chin thoughtfully on his hand, his brow inclined downwards, and the natural glow of his complexion much heightened.

But—(resumed the parson softly, without turning to his book, and rather as if prompted by the suggestion of the moment)—but he who has cultivated sympathy commits not these errors, or, if committing them, hastens to retract. So natural is sympathy to the good man, that he obeys it mechanically when he suffers his heart to be the monitor of his conscience. In this sympathy behold the bond between rich and poor! By this sympathy, whatever our varying worldly lots, they become what they were meant to be—exercises for the virtues more peculiar to each; and thus, if in the body each man bear his own burden, yet in the fellowship of the soul all have common relief in bearing the burdens of each other.

This is the law of Christ—fulfil it, O my flock!

Here the parson closed his sermon, and the congregation bowed their heads.

* Jeremy Taylor—*Of Christian Prudence*. Part II.

THE SONG OF THE COLD.

With larynx tender and sore,
With eye-lids rheumy and red,
A victim sat with her face bound up,
And an awful cold in her head.

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!"
Till her head seemed coming off,
And thus she spake in the intervals
Of her dry and husky cough.

"Cough! cough! cough!"
When the weary day declines,
And cough! cough! cough!
When the light of morning shines,"

But she found for her cough a cure,
By Mrs. JERVIS sold.
If a Christian life you wish to save
It is worth its weight in gold.

Oh! men with sisters dear,
Oh! men with mothers and wives,
A single package, if bought in time,
Perchance may save their lives.

Oh, think in every cough
You hear Death speak aloud,
And hasten to Mrs. JERVIS' store
Ere they come with the hearse and shroud.

Buy! buy! now!
To-morrow may be too late,
Of the *present remedy* make sure,
And take a bond of Fate.

Sold wholesale and retail by Mrs. W. JERVIS, 365 Broadway, New York, one door above Franklin street, and by Druggists generally.

Each package is invariably signed Mrs. W. JERVIS. Be sure to ask for Mrs. JERVIS' Cold Candy.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SMYRNA; THE "CITY OF FIGS."

THE recent quarrel between Russia and the Ottoman Porte in regard to the Hungarians and Poles, who, after their heroic struggle and unfortunate defeat, sought and found shelter under the shadow of the "Banner of the Crescent," has attracted much more than ordinary attention to the Turks, their habits and customs, their cities, and their present position and power, and the probabilities of their future career. Searchers after local knowledge may find sufficient to appease their appetite, so far as Constantinople is concerned, in the entertaining works of White, Pardoe, Slade, and Urquhart; but as for Smyrna, the gay and hospitable "City of Figs," no publisher has yet furnished forth his "own commissioner" to record in three goodly volumes, octavo, its wonders and its wealth; and no artist has yet, with faithful pencil, given to the world the tenth of a tithe of its natural beauties; or, for the benefit of western curiosity, adorned his canvas with the fair faces of its reigning belles. Yet Smyrna deserves all this, and more. It is true that a passing notice of the city is to be found in the works of some half dozen modern tourists,* but even their several records, if united, would, it is feared, form but a tiny brochure. Still, as we are taught to believe that in all things "there's a good time coming," and as we know that England and Asia Minor are at least (thanks to steam!) but a mere fortnight distant from each other, it is, perhaps, reasonable to hope, if not to expect, that the ready pen of some English writer is even now about to be nibbed to fill up this vacuum in Levantine literature, to render justice where justice is due, and to make the time-honored Mount Pagus as familiar to the "mind's eye" of the reading cockney, as Primrose Hill already is to his actual vision.

It is not our purpose in the present paper to enter into Oriental politics, nor is it even our aim to give a full, true, and particular account of Smyrna. Our only desire is to record a few of those commonplace incidents which befell a little party who, in 18—, in the winter, happened to take Smyrna as one of the places to be visited in a more extended Anatolian tour. We record these incidents from a tattered and torn journal, which has had the distinguished honor of being slashed, saturated, and smoke-dried by divers blessed officers of quarantine; so that, in point of deciphering the elegant extract before us, we have not a few literary difficulties to encounter.

And some special interest now attaches to Smyrna, in that, just as the last of its fig-laden "fruiters" had, in October, 1849, left the port, homeward bound, (to satisfy, perchance, the sweet-tooth expectant of certain London civic functionaries,) the good folks living on the banks of the Meles were startled by finding, one fine morning, that a French fleet was bound to their port, and that Admiral Parker also had, at the head of several English line-of-battle ships, not only appeared off the adjacent islands of Scio and Mitylene, but thence proceeded to the anchorage in Beshiki Bay, at the very mouth of the Dardanelles. For what purpose? In 1807, Duckworth had taken up this exact position as a demonstration against the Turks;

but, in 1849, the tables were turned, and Parker appeared, not as an enemy to the Osmanlees, but to aid and assist the sultan, if necessary, against the Muscovites—that young Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid, who, in the recent Irish famine, contributed the handsome donation of 1000*l.* sterling to relieve the distresses of those whom his own creed regards as infidels, as Giaours; and who would have given more, much more, but that state etiquette was quoted to show the reigning sovereign of England must, in these cases, be permitted to head the list, *longo intervallo*. "Cast thy bread on the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days." The sultan did so in charity, and it has returned to him in material assistance, when his empire suddenly required such aid. If there's an Irishman in Parker's fleet, and that fleet yet have to strike a blow for the Padisha, we feel sure that the son of the Emerald Isle will, in the moment of battle, remember the sultan's well-timed and noble generosity; and, be the enemy whom it may, Paddy, in mere gratitude, will then strike hard and home! Donnybrook Fair could show nothing equal to a "scrimmage" on the deck of a Russian liner! "Take this for the Turks," and "that for Tipperary;" and "a small touch for Kossuth." "Faugh-a-ballagh! yer spalpeen!" "Hoorah!" By the holy poker! its few of the Russian fleet would ever return to Sevastopol. No, no; Queenstown (late Cove) would be much more likely to catch a glimpse of them.

But we must not pursue this digression. To return then to our narrative, or, perhaps, more strictly speaking, to commence it.

When, after a day's ride of some fifty miles, we reached, and apparently much to the satisfaction of our jaded *menzil barguirleri*, (our post horses,) the summit of the hills at the back of Smyrna, and thence looked down upon its lovely bay crowded with shipping, and upon the nearer mosques and minarets that shone in the setting sun, we thought the far-spreading city, seated amphitheatrically on the descent of Mount Pagus, one of the loveliest we had ever beheld. And I don't know that we were far wrong. Smyrna is beautifully situate, whether gazed at from the sea before it, or the heights behind and beside it. There is a sketch of the place in, I think, one of the published tours of Sir Charles Fellows, which conveys a very accurate idea of the city and its immediate castellated environs.

The westerly point whence we gained this our first view of Izmeir, was immediately above "Turk Town," a quarter so christened by the Franks in contradistinction to the lower parts of the city, and those in the vicinity of the consulates, the inns, and the Marina, where European travellers "most do congregate."

The sun had just set as we reached the now dark entrance to the town, and walked our horses over the Kaldyrim-goly, the paved, unlighted street, which, from the frequent stumbling of our steeds, seemed to be in a most uncertain state of repair. But our trusty Suridji led the way, and, indeed, the horses themselves seemed to know it well enough. They were, it is true, approaching a well-known stable, an *akhor* offering better accommodation than the mud-hovels they had tentanted in their present march through the interior. As for ourselves, we confessedly looked forward to Salvo's Hotel, on the Marina, with visions of comfort floating o'er the brain such as a camel-driver in the desert might mentally experience

* Tournefort, Emerson, Macfarlane, Madden, Slade, Knight, Rev. F. V. I. Arundell, and Sir Charles Fellows.
—Editor's Note.

when, weary and thirsty, he suddenly descries a tree-studded and well-watered oasis. A *lit monté* is, indeed, a luxury, after sleeping for a season on the ground.

We cannot altogether recommend future travellers so to time their route as to reach Smyrna, as we did, *after sunset*. The way down to the Marina is then not too easily or comfortably to be accomplished. Narrow streets, winding like the paths of a labyrinth, and crossed by others equally uninviting, in the dark, form altogether a network of edifices through which none but an experienced pilot can hope properly to thread his way. Once or twice we fell in with a Turk trudging homewards, *fener* or *fanoos* in hand, throwing forth from his little candle a beam barely sufficient to light him a yard on his way. "Darkness visible" was here exemplified. But each pedestrian party must carry a lantern of some sort in Smyrna, that is, after sunset, or become subject to certain police regulations, which, according to circumstances, entail either fine or bastinado, or, at the very least, the honor of being locked up for the night in a guard-house. Even moonlight is no excuse for a neglect of this order.

Here and there a *manghal* (a chafing-dish) was seen in the streets filled with flaring charcoal, the inhabitants, although fatalists, ever taking the wise precaution to let the first fumes of their *aghadj-keumuri* evaporate outside their houses.

By-and-by, in passing a corner of a street, we came in front of a well-lighted *kaf-handé*, or coffee-house. The railed platform before it was, at this hour, deserted; but through the large uncurtained windows of the building we could see groups of Moslems seated comfortably within, smoking either the cherry-stick *tchibouk*,* or the glass *narguileh*, while others had laid aside their pipes, and were composedly discussing divers cups of smoking coffee. As they lifted the dwarfish *finjans* of china to their lips, the lights played upon the brass and well-polished *zarffs* which (as an egg-cup guards from a scalding egg) protected their fingers from the ware containing favorite piping-hot beverage; and the whole scene looked so comfortable, that we gladly drew rein for a few minutes, and, without quitting our saddles, patronized the *Kavèdji's* fragrant and bubbling "black broth;" and with, perhaps, more real *keff* and *gusto* than any of his indoor customers, since ten or eleven hours' horsemanship had made our palates particularly ready for such good cheer.

The further descent into the town now became less precipitous, and soon afterwards we rode in Indian file into a *tcharshou*, or a bazaar, as it is generally termed by Franks; and here, at its inner end, we were suddenly brought up by massive wooden gates that seemed to bar our further progress. Not a light, not a person was visible. The *Suridji* shouted. No reply. He hammered with his heavy whip. No response. A general chorus then followed on our part in Turkish, Italian, or English, just as a phrase happened to come uppermost. And now, after a pause, we heard a gruff voice on the other side of the door pronounce the single well-known word "*bakshish*!" It proceeded, no doubt, from the watchman, who thus

manœuvred for a piastre or two for favoring us by troubling himself to open the gates. His duty, of course, was to keep them shut till morning.

Reader! have you ever travelled in Turkey? If you have, *bakshish* requires no explanation; if you have *not*, we may as well inform you that—But no; we refrain: you cannot even enter your own St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey without well enough understanding *bakshish*.

Released, on the payment of a mere trifle, from the importunities of this *pasvan*, or *bektchi*, or *kapoudji*—for, I know not which appellation the worthy warder preferred—we soon came to the seaward exit from the region of bazaars; passed close under the walls of a small castle, said to be the celebrated Fort St. Peter, which the Knights of Rhodes so gallantly captured from the Turks; again paid *bakshish* in a gloomy *tcharshou*, (having a comfortable khan opening out of its centre, on the right;) heard its heavy gate safely shut behind us; sniffed up the sea-breeze which here rushed in through a narrow street on the left; passed the glass-market, the Greek casino, and Greek church; exchanged salutations with a group of patrols at "Three Corners;" again advanced till past the Austrian and French churches in the *Strada Franka*; and at length found ourselves on the Marina, where, as luck would have it, we were no longer in utter darkness. For the wind had got up, and the sea, now fully visible on our bridle-hand, dashed against the long and broad quay in front of the Consulates, throwing showers of star-spangled briny spray over the road we had here to pass on our way to Salvo's Navy Hotel, the outline of which building we could now clearly discern in the lessening distance. The stars twinkled brightly, groups of boatmen were yet gathered near one or two small *isklès*, or wooden jetties, and a rollicking party of middies rushed out of Salvo's to return slyly on board their respective ships, just as we dismounted at his door, whence—leaving our experienced *factotum* to make all square with the *suridji*—we followed the burly host up stairs, and forthwith entered into those arrangements for bed and board, &c., which it is ever, after a long day's journey, such a confounded *hore* to effect.

We had remarked, in our way into the town, not only the sudden darkness which settled upon the streets immediately after sunset, but that the streets themselves were almost deserted by the population. The Turks are given to these seasonable hours, returning early to their homes, and also rising betimes. But, nevertheless, many fail not punctually to attend mosque twice after sunset, namely, at the fourth and fifth prayers of the day—the *aksham namazi* and the *yatsi namazi*; the fourth service taking place at twenty minutes past sunset, and the fifth about two hours afterwards. Smyrna, just recorded as so dark, was, but an hour after our arrival, in some danger of becoming too well-lighted, for, in the midst of our meal, we were startled by a running fire of pistol-shots, indicating that a blaze had broken out. "*Yanghin var!*" (there is a conflagration,) shouted the next passing watchman, and bang also went *his* pistol; but there was little real occasion for so much fuss, the fire being speedily got under almost as soon as discovered, and, I believe, before its occurrence had even become reported at the extremity of the town towards "Windmill Point," opposite Menimenn and Cœur de Lion.

Smyrna, like Constantinople, has frequently suf-

* See the 25th Case, Long Gallery, British Museum, for a specimen of the *keffkil*, or *meershaum*, of Anatolia, from which pipe-bowls are sometimes made. Vide "Visit to British Museum," p. 139. Chapman and Hall.

fered much from fire. On the third and fourth of July, 1845, very considerable damage was done; and a year or two before that period, on the 29th of July, 1841, a most terrific conflagration occurred. This fire of 1841 deprived no less than 35,000 inhabitants of their homes—the population of the whole city is 140,000—reducing 7000 almost to a state of starvation. But local charity at once stepped in to support them, and London also subsequently raised a subscription. The buildings destroyed in 1841 were—3050 Turkish houses, 500 Jewish, and 157 Greek; 42 mosques, 7 synagogues, 5 *tékés*, 15 khans, 17 flour-mills, and 7 *hamnams*, or baths. With a knowledge that Smyrna is subject to such visitations as these, it is no wonder that insurance-offices against fire have never been established in the city. And such an attempt could not but prove a most ruinous speculation to its promoters.

Salvo's Hotel was certainly erected in a good situation as to fire, since a good leaper might easily spring from its windows into the sea below, if he preferred drowning to burning. At the time we visited Smyrna, the Hotel des Deux Augustes was a name unknown to travellers, who then took up their abode, according to circumstances, either at Salvo's, Marco's Pension Suisse, Marachini's Boarding-House, Patoutzi's Inn, or Madame Rosa's. No other hosteleries were known to us in those days; but now Smyrna is daily proving her advance in civilization by improved hotels, charging two dollars a day; by quarantines and lazarettos; by bills of health and passports; and by all those innovating formalities which Mediterranean Franks

and some others invent and teach reforming Oriental governments to follow, less for utility than the netting of fees. The steam-boat companies are chiefly to be thanked for this.

After a good night's rest in a *lit monté*, we each rose in time to see the numerous men-of-war, immediately opposite Salvo's windows, hoist their colors, cross to gall'nt-yards, and lower boats simultaneously, which had a pretty effect; and the Turkish vessels were, much to my own delight, not the last in the manœuvre. The fine sea-view from Salvo's is, perhaps, its best recommendation; and its chief drawback, in our opinion, was neither more nor less than a billiard-table, frequented by a gallant set of blue-jackets on leave, from whose hilarity our thin walls would *never* protect us. Under our windows was the usual rendezvous for hack horses, ready saddled and bridled, and Ducrow or Batty would heartily have enjoyed the elegant specimens of equitation there to be witnessed. We had, of course, heard in all times of *horse-marines*, but we never fully understood that corps till this our trip to Smyrna!

The first duty we had to perform was to leave cards on Mr. Brandt, the worthy English consul; the next, to present our letters of introduction; the third, to perambulate the city. From the residents to whom we thus became introduced we received (as is ever the case at Smyrna) the most captivating reception, and were, in short, overwhelmed with civilities. First and foremost we were presented with tickets for the Greek and Frank Casino balls, in the following form:—

CASIN DE SMYRNE.

Billet d'Admission aux Bals
du Carnaval de 18—

MONS. JACK JOHNSON, M. A.,
Présenté par MONS. JNO. J. A. WERRY.
Les Commissaires du Casin,
G. MALTASS.
B. DESCHAMPS.

CASIN DU COMMERCE.

Billet d'Admission
Pour les Bals du Carnaval de 18—
MONS. JACK JOHNSON, M. A.,
Présenté par MONS. EML. RUTHINI.
Smyrne, le 23 Janvier, 18—
Les Commissaires du Casin,
RUTHINI.
D. BALTAZZI.

These are the only two clubs in Smyrna, unless the "Sons of the Prophet" have any such societies unknown to us. The Frank Casino, or *Casin de Smyrne*, is situate close to the English consul's and Salvo's Hotel, and numbers among its members the English, French, Dutch, and other European merchants; while the Greeks chiefly confine themselves to the *Casin du Commerce*. I may here incidentally remark that the Turk does not at all admit a Greek to be a Frank. In conversation, the Osmanlees speak of Franks and Greeks, thus classing them as two. *Mais revenons à nos moutons*. The rules of the Frank Casino (*Casin de Smyrne*) liberally allow any one of its members to introduce a travelling friend to its rooms and privileges for the space of three consecutive months. On Asiatic ground this is a boon of double value. I found it so myself. Here are to be seen files of all sorts of newspapers—a luxury the "untraveller" cannot hope to understand; here the merchants meet nightly to read, or to play *ecarté*, the favorite game of the Smyrniotes, chess excepted; here also are held four of the eight carnival balls, the fourth of which is ever a *bal masqué*, and a spacious and right noble room is there for the "light fantastic toe," with five glittering chandeliers, and a gallery for the

orchestra; and then for those who eschew quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas, and the schottische, two card-rooms present their somewhat dangerous attractions. The balls commence about eight p. m., and last till four or five in the morning, by which hour the card-playing is, however, seldom concluded; that is, in the carnival season. At other periods such late hours are not followed. The *kokona* at home would not then permit of a husband's absence.

The Greek Casino (*Casin du Commerce*) is situate in the Strada Franka, on the seaward side going from Salvo's to the bazaars, and opposite the dead walls of the Greek church. After passing up a long passage, its entrance is seen on the left. Here papers are provided, as at the Frank Casino, and balls given during the Greek carnival, which concludes later than with the Catholics. The ball-room is here, unfortunately, rather small, but still well lighted; and there is a special recess for the orchestra, with a principal and a second and smaller card-room, a little sitting-room next the ball-room, and other accommodation. The Greek balls are not quite so "stiff" as those at the Frank Casino, but in either *réunion* it cannot be forgotten that the number of marriageable *belles*, in comparison with the Smyrniote bachelors, is

just fourteen to one *against* the ladies. How can a man marry fourteen wives?

Wishing to see all in and near the city, we were quite bewildered how to begin. One, full of classics, recommended Mount Pagus, the Stadium, the old Theatre, the modern Bath of Agamemnon, or the Bath of Diana; the presumed Roman encampment on Mount Pagus; and the Piscina underneath the castle, which fortress, now an extensive ruin, is said to embody within its walls the identical sacred edifice erected by the Christians in the time of the Apostles, and in which St. Polycarp, the patron of Smyrna, the disciple of St. John the Evangelist, had positively preached. Another suggested a ride to the adjacent villages, offering to accompany us; a third spoke rapturously of the Plain of Paradise, of aqueducts, and of some extraordinary petrifications there visible; and a fourth, as it was yet early, advised a stroll through the streets and the bazaars. The last plan suited us best, if it were but to review the *locale* in which we had the evening before paid *bakshish*.

From starting on this excursion, the arrival of an Austrian corvette in the roads detained us till she had fired a salute, which was smartly returned from the barracks at the west end of the city. It is ever a pretty sight to witness a man-of-war come to an anchor, furl sails, and salute; and, in the present instance, we had a capital view of the manœuvre from the esplanade in front of the English consulate, the flag-staff of which, as well as those of the adjacent consular residences, all bore a crown at the top, that of the United States excepted. At present, I presume, the crown has been temporarily removed at the French consulate; soon, however, in all probability, to be replaced by an imperial one, which may not prove altogether pleasing to the eye of Monsieur de Lamar-tine,* the ex-president, who, as we are recently informed, is about to reside at Smyrna, having been generously presented by the sultan with some quantity of land in the environs of the city.

"You have comfortable houses here on the Marina," said one of our party to the merchant who was showing us the "lions."

"Yes," replied our agreeable *cicerone*; "and whatever may ultimately be the case in Ireland, we can here in Smyrna actually boast of a tenant-right, or *guedouk*, that makes our keeping a house, once taken, a matter of some certainty, if we ourselves choose to remain in it."

"How so?" I inquired.

"The contract called *guedouk*," he replied, "is more a local custom than a general one, and enables us, on a certain payment yearly, not only to keep possession, but to assign to our heirs, and, with the consent of the proprietor, even to a stranger. While this payment is kept up, the tenant cannot be ousted by his landlord, which is an inducement to improve the property. Nearly all the houses held by Europeans in Smyrna are under this rule, and the family of Kara Osman are the chief proprietors."

We now passed through a spacious flagged court, on the right and left of which stand the

* "Vous retournerez dans l'Occident, mais vous ne tarderez pas beaucoup à revenir en Orient: c'est votre patrie; oui, c'est votre patrie véritable, c'est la patrie de vos pères. J'en suis sûre, maintenant; regardez votre pied. C'est le pied de l'Arabe; c'est le pied de l'Orient. Nous approchons du jour où chacun rentrera dans la terre de ses pères."—Lady Hester Stanhope to M. Lamartine, A. D. 1832.

counting-houses of several Frank merchants, two or three of whom were, here and there, according to Smyrniote custom, leaning against their door-posts, smoking the eternal *chibouque*, and chatting on exports and imports; thus transacting business in a "take-it-easy" sort of style, according rather with the "*yavash, yavash*" manner of the Turk than the hurried habit of London and Liverpool. Turning hence to the right, into the celebrated *Strada Franca*, we found ourselves at once fully afloat in the human stream, rushing onwards to the bazaars. There is something in a Levantine crowd that both pleases the eye and raises the spirits; the very air is impregnated with the smell of the most fragrant tobacco, and everything affords the strongest contrast to the scenes with which the Englishman is acquainted at home.

There are no *trottoirs* in Smyrna, but the streets are firmly paved, and somewhat narrow. The greater part of the houses in the *Strada Franca* are devoid of all outward Orientalism, and the better half of their inmates seem to be "a very sit-at-window sort of people," as one of my companions funnily expressed it. And in the afternoons, in fine weather, their street-doors, we subsequently found, are thrown wide open, and the entrance crowded with chairs, whereon each family sits "in full fig," scanning the passers-by, and exchanging compliments with friends and acquaintance, the male portion of whom have an almost invariable custom in the afternoon of walking forth to Windmill Point, at the eastern extremity of the town, there, on an open space of land of some extent, to take pedestrian exercise, inhale the sea-breeze, quiz some equestrian novice, and, in the season, quaff a cup of coffee or *raki** at "the Mill."

"*Savoula!*" shouted an Armenian *hammal*, or porter; "*savoula!*" a word which, being interpreted, signifies "Room, room!"—"take care!"—"Out of the way;" and on came the speaker, bending nearly double under a bale of goods, half a camel-load in appearance, poised on the immense knot on his back; while, the better to support his burden, the *hammal* kept both hands on his knees, the legs beneath which were also tightly bandaged to support the muscles under the strain such a weight imposed on them. "*Savoula!*" again shouted the porter, as he passed steadily on his way; "*savoula!*" Where bales have been made up into an unconscionable size, a *syryk*, or pole, is used, to which the bale is slung, and some half-dozen men thus transport it to its destination. And, sometimes, also, a long string of camels is employed, each *dève* being loaded with two bales, one on each side of the pack-saddle.

When a horseman—and these are not few—meets such a string of camels dragging "its slow length along," it is a useless task to attempt to pass them, and the plan is therefore generally adopted of riding into some court or alley till the *kafleh* has passed by. And in many parts of the

* The *Times* of 1st December, 1849, says—"An importation of Turkish spirit called '*raki*,' having taken place at Southampton, from Constantinople, it was returned by the officers of the revenue for duty as *sweetened spirits*; but the importer, considering that it was not liable to that duty, requested that it might be delivered as *spirits unsweetened*. It appears that the spirit was mixed and flavored with a resinous gum; and it was, therefore, considered that it became liable to the high duty as sweetened spirits, and ordered to be charged accordingly." We may add that *raki* resembles gin in appearance, and when mixed with water becomes as white as milk.

streets even foot passengers must do the same. Subject to such interruptions, we ourselves gradually approached the bazaars, withstanding even the seduction of an auctioneer, who, with an earnestness and volubility scarcely credible, was—lighted candle in hand—expatiating in the open street on the merits of a house before which he stood, but for which all his eloquence, in the most wretched Italian, failed in obtaining a bid. He was not a Turk, but a Levantine, and his well-cultivated moustache seemed to be the subject of critique to a bevy of red-capped damsels at the opposite windows, more than half of whom were (with respect to it recorded) filling up the intervals of their speech by most zealously *chewing mastic quids*! Does this Smyrniote custom prevent the toothache, the *dish-aghrisi*, to which the Turks are so subject?

"*Kav! kav!*"—"Punk! punk!"—"No one can light pipe without it, Signore,"—bawled a young trader, as at last we reached the glass-bazaar. "*Kav! kaplan! kav! kav!*" This worthy was a Hebrew, a *yahvoudi*, a name frequently superseded by *tchifout*, when his customers were angry—the latter appellation being one that ever "rises the dander" of a Jew, as the Yankees say. "*Tchifout*" signifies "one who sticks out against the truth." The glass bazaar is not roofed in, but simply consists of open-fronted shops in the street, tastily filled with hand-mirrors, gaudy decanters, Bohemian bottles, French and English cut-dishes, and tumblers, of which last there is an immense sale among the Greeks, who prefer them frequently to and for tea-cups; then, mixed with all those gaudy and glittering knick-knackeries into which glass can be fashioned, appear black-beaded *tesbihs*, rosaries which hundreds of the Smyrniotes as constantly "tell" when walking in the streets as when sitting at home. Here, also, the gold-embroidered scarlet tobacco-bag tempts the passer-by, together with amber or porcelain, bone or ivory mouth-pieces for pipes; red *lookhs*, or bowls; *tchibouques*, or cherry-sticks, for smoking; nets full of specimens of that sponge for which Smyrna is so famous; *narghilchs*, or hookahs, with the snake-like *marpitch* coiled around them; vases for gold-fish, which are very plentiful, and grow to a great size, and which, as well as leeches, form a frequent export from Smyrna; in short, glass of every hue and tint, and size and shape, shines all around you as you pass along; and many a proud Turk's eye glances at the larger mirrors, in admiration of the well-rolled turban that adorns his brow. The scene is ever here a busy one, and I do not know a finer arena for the peculiar manoeuvres of a mad bull than the glass-bazaar of Smyrna. But that city is fortunately freed from such antics; it has no Smithfield; and its authorities compel all horned cattle to be slaughtered just outside the walls, at a *sal-hane*, that is, an *abattoir*, situate about a mile from the barracks, on the road to Vourlah,* and close to the seaside.

Before leaving the glass-bazaar, I took an opportunity of obtaining a tariff of prices *viva voce*, part of which I subjoin, with the simple remark that I subsequently found the prices somewhat less elsewhere.

* Vourlah is distant about five leagues from the city off Smyrna, but within the Gulf; a group of islands lies off the main, thus forming a secure anchorage in all winds. The French call the place Ourlah, and not Vourlah. Slade is the only writer who has described Vourlah.

	Piastres.
Cherry-stick pipe,	30
Boring the stick,	3
Mouth-piece,	25
Wire for cleaning pipe,	5
One dozen pipe-bowls,	20
Brass saucer,	4
Tobacco-bag,	22
Tobacco—7, 8, and 10 piastres the oke.	

We next saw before us the gloomy *tcharshou*, at the gate of which we had, as I have above related, paid our second *bakshish*; and here our companion, Jack Johnson, inquired of our *cicerone* at what date it was built.

"Built!" said the Smyrniote. "*Panayia!* we of this ancient city pride ourselves only on *figs*, not *dates*!"

And, laughing at this horrid attempt at wit, we all passed on.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE RECORDS OF THE ANCIENT KINGS OF PERSIA.*

THE acuteness of human intellect in the present age is not manifested only by the striking progress made in the exact sciences, and in the discoveries which annul distance and give us the means of communicating over land and sea with the speed and the very action of lightning; the peaceful conquests of our time are quite as wonderful on the field of sciences not immediately connected with the business of daily life. Posterity will mention the deciphering of hieroglyphics and of the cuneiform inscriptions in the same line with the construction of railways, steamboats, and electric telegraphs, as specimens of the inventive genius by which our age is characterized. It is well known that the Rosetta stone (now in the British Museum) led Dr. Young to the first successful attempts to determine the Egyptian alphabet, and to the more complete researches of Champollion, which disclosed the ancient history of Egypt. The deciphering of the cuneiform inscriptions is as ingenious as that of the hieroglyphics, and is certainly of equal importance to an investigation of the primitive history of mankind.

The existence of extensive ruins of royal palaces at Nakshi Rustan, in Persia, had been well known in Europe for centuries. The bassi reliefs of these buildings gave a high idea of the state of civilization in the Persian empire. Inscriptions in arrow-headed characters were also noticed on the ruins, and hewn in the rocks, in several other places in Persia and Armenia. These records were copied by adventurous travellers, not without danger, some of the inscriptions being inscribed on the smooth surface of the rock at such an elevation that it was necessary for the traveller to be drawn up by ropes, and to transcribe these documents of antiquity whilst swinging in mid-air. There seemed to be no hope

* *The Persian Cuneiform Inscription at Behistun deciphered and translated, with a Memoir.* By Major H. C. Rawlinson, C. B., of the Hon. East India Company's Bombay Service, and Political Agent at Baghdad. London: John W. Parker, West Strand. 1846, 1847, 1849. (Tenth and Eleventh Volumes of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*.)

A Commentary on the Cuneiform Inscriptions of Babylonia and Assyria; including Readings of the Inscription on the Nimrud Obelisk, and a brief Notice of the Ancient Kings of Nineveh and Babylon. Read before the Royal Asiatic Society. By Major H. C. Rawlinson, C. B. London: John W. Parker, West Strand. 1850.

of deciphering them, since not only were the characters wholly unknown, but the languages to which they belonged were also entirely obliterated by time from the book of human knowledge. No more could be made out than that the inscriptions appeared to be in three different languages. When, therefore, in 1802, it was announced that a German professor, Mr. Grotefend, had discovered the Persian alphabet, and thus possessed the key to the cuneiform writing, the correctness of his deciphering was generally doubted. The study of the cuneiform inscriptions remained neglected, and the researches of Mr. Saint Martin and Professor Rask (1821-1826) failed to advance the science materially. It was not until 1836 that the simultaneous publications of Burnouf and Lassen first gave a scientific basis to these researches. These scholars completed the deciphering of the Persian alphabet, one third of which had been empirically discovered by Professor Grotefend. It was then ascertained that the old Persian language was intimately related to the Vedic Sanskrit, and a well-founded critical analysis of all the then known inscriptions was published by the above-named great Orientalists. Shortly before these publications appeared in Germany and France, Major (now Lieut.-Colonel) Rawlinson was at Kermanshah in Persia, and was led to the same discoveries as Grotefend, Burnouf, and Lassen, but quite independently of their labors. The account of the manner in which he succeeded in deciphering the inscriptions is so clear and interesting that we give it entire:—

It was in the year 1835 that I first undertook the investigation of the cuneiform character. I was at that time only aware that Professor Grotefend had deciphered some of the names of the early sovereigns of the house of Achemenes, but in my isolated position at Kermanshah, on the western frontier of Persia, I could neither obtain a copy of his alphabet nor could I discover what particular inscriptions he had examined. The first materials which I submitted to analysis were the sculptured tablets of Hamadán, carefully and accurately copied by myself upon the spot; and I afterwards found that I had thus, by a singular accident, selected the most favorable inscriptions of the class which existed in all Persia for resolving the difficulties of an unknown character. *** These tablets consist of two trilingual inscriptions, engraved by Darius Hystaspes and by his son Xerxes: they commence with the same invocation to Ormuzd, they contain the same enumeration of the royal titles, and the same statement of paternity and family; and, in fact, they are identical, except in the names of the kings and in those of their respective fathers. When I proceeded, therefore, to compare and interline the two inscriptions, I found that the characters coincided throughout, except in certain particular groups, and it was only reasonable to suppose that the groups which were thus brought out and individualized must represent proper names. I further remarked, that there were but three of these distinct groups in the two inscriptions; for the group which occupied the second place in one inscription, and which, from its position, suggested the idea of its representing the name of the father of the king who was there commemorated, corresponded with the group which occupied the first place in the other inscription, and thus not only served determinately to connect the two inscriptions together, but, assuming the groups to represent proper names, appeared also to indicate a genealogical succession. The natural inference was, that in these three groups of characters I had obtained the proper names belonging to three consecutive generations of the Persian monarchy; and it so happened

that the first three names of Hystaspes, Darius, and Xerxes, which I applied at hazard to the three groups, according to the succession, proved to answer in all respects satisfactorily, and were, in fact, the true identifications.

Colonel Rawlinson, however, does not press his claims to the originality of this discovery, his scientific merits being of a far higher kind. Not only was he the first to copy, decipher, translate, and publish the Persian inscription of Behistun—in an historical point of view the most important of all these records, and of larger extent than all the others added together; but, in consequence of his Persian researches, he discovered also the Median characters, and with these the Median language, and his labors thus stand unrivalled in this department of science. He further completed our knowledge of the Babylonian characters, the inscriptions being in almost every instance trilingual and trilateral.

They are engraved in three different languages, and each language has its peculiar alphabet; the alphabets, indeed, varying from each other, not merely in the characters being formed by a different assortment of the elemental signs, which we are accustomed to term the arrow-headed and wedge, but in their whole phonetic structure and organization. The object, of course, in engraving the records in three different languages was to render them generally intelligible. Precisely, indeed, as at the present day, a governor of Bagdad, who wished to publish an edict for general information, would be obliged to employ three languages—the Persian, Turkish, and Arabic; so in the time of Cyrus and Darius, when the ethnographical constitution of the empire was subject to the same general division, it was as necessary to address the population in three different languages, from which have sprung the modern Persian, Turkish, and Arabic. To this fashion, then, or necessity of triple publication, we are indebted also for our knowledge of the Assyrian inscriptions.

Colonel Rawlinson has not yet published the whole result of his philological researches; a part only of the Memoir on the Persian Inscription at Behistun has at present appeared; but the conscientiousness of the researches, obvious in every page of this publication, certifies to the correctness of his analysis of the Babylonian and Assyrian inscriptions, of which he gives a mere cursory sketch, published only with a view to satisfy public curiosity, which has been excited so strongly by Mr. Layard's excavations at Nineveh; since everybody, in descending to the coal-cellars of the British Museum, to admire these adornments of the Assyrian palaces, naturally inquires, Who are the kings whom we see here represented? and, What is the meaning of the inscriptions engraved on the slabs? We trust that Colonel Rawlinson will soon enrich our knowledge with a critical commentary on the Assyrian inscriptions, which would be even more interesting than the classical Memoir on the Behistun inscription.

These celebrated records, mentioned by the ancient Greeks as a monument of the fabulous Semiramis, are found, according to Colonel Rawlinson, upon the sacred rock of Behistun, on the western frontiers of Media.

This remarkable locality, situated on the high road conducting from Babylonia to the eastward, must in all ages have attracted the observation of travellers. Its imposing aspect also, rising abruptly from the plain to a perpendicular height of about 1700 feet,

and its aptitude for holy purposes, were not to be neglected by that race which made

Their altars the high places, and the peak
Of earth o'ergazing mountains.

It was sacred to Jupiter, or as we may understand the Greeks, who would fain homologue all those systems of theology with which they were conversant, with Ormuzd. Here, then, did Darius Hystaspes, the founder of the civil polity of Persia, resolve to execute a work, which, hallowed by the sanctity of the spot, should serve, as it were, for the charter of Achaemenian royalty, and which, by reminding his descendants of their pristine glory, should lead them to covet and to earn the admiration of their posterity.

Darius relates in this inscription the events of the first part of his reign, and gives an account of the exploits by which he established and settled his throne. This official document gives, therefore, to scholars the details of the early incidents in the reign of Darius, which are not mentioned at all, or at most incorrectly, by Herodotus. But the inscription is likewise of general interest, from the analogies it offers with the history of our own days.

Darius, who established a new dynasty in Persia, and restored the old faith, felt no less than the Emperor Napoleon that he wanted one thing to settle his crown—legitimacy. Hardly had he ascended the throne of Persia, after slaying Gomates, the Magian impostor, (who personated Smerdis, the son of the great Cyrus, slain long ago by his brother Cambyses,) than pretenders arose in every part of the realm. At Babylon, representatives of the national house of Nabonassar; in Media, a descendant of the royal race of Cyaxares; in Persia, a second false Smerdis; Susiana, Assyria, Armenia, Parthia, Sagartia, Margiana, and the Sakes revolted in turn. Many a battle was fought, and Darius experienced several defeats, before the rebels were dispersed, imprisoned, and executed. When at last his tottering throne was really settled, the king caused his feats to be engraved on the rock of Behistun, that everybody might know that Darius was the legitimate King of Persia, and that all who resisted him were impostors. He says, therefore—

I am Darius, the great king, the king of kings, the king of Persia, the king of the provinces, the son of Hystaspes, the grandson of Arsames the Achaemenian.

Not content with stating the fact that he is the great king, he gives further confirmation of his right to the throne, viz., his birth. The inscription proceeds:—

Says Darius the king: "My father was Hystaspes; of Hystaspes the father was Arsames; of Arsames the father was Ariaramnes; of Ariaramnes the father was Teispes; of Teispes the father was Achaemenes. On that account we have been called Achaemenians. From antiquity we have been unsubdued, from antiquity our race have been kings. There are eight of my race who have been kings before me; I am the ninth: for a very long time we have been kings."

Darius completes the sentence in the style of an absolute monarch of modern days, saying—

"By the grace of God (Ormazd) I am king; God has granted me empire."

Solemn as these assertions were, still they were not believed. The great grandson of the grandson of Darius says, two centuries later, in a similar wedge inscription at Persepolis—

I am Artaxerxes, the king of kings, the son of

King Artaxerxes, the son of King Darius, the son of King Artaxerxes, the son of King Xerxes, the son of King Darius, who was the son of one named Hystaspes, the son of one named Arsames, an Achaemenian.

Time had sanctioned the rights of the dynasty of Darius, and Artaxerxes could now freely avow that he was descended from one named Hystaspes, in the same way as the Czar Nicholas avows that he descends from one named Romanoff, though 200 years ago this Romanoff boasted no less of his descent from Rurik, the Varieg prince, than Darius is anxious to enforce the belief of his royal Achaemenian descent.

Education in Persia, as we know from Herodotus, was very simple. The youth were taught the use of the bow and arrow, and to speak truth; yet the inscription at Behistun evinces that the official bulletins in the time of Darius were no more to be relied on than those which last year proceeded from the Austrian head-quarters.

Darius relates that Media revolted whilst he was gone to subdue the rebellious Babylonians. Phraortes, a descendant of the royal family of Cyaxares, became king in Media, and a part of the army of Darius went over to Phraortes. Darius sent for Hydarnes, his general, and addressed him thus:—

Happiness attend you! Smite this Median state, which does not acknowledge me. Then that Hydarnes marched with his army. When we reached Media, a city of Media named Ma ****, there he engaged the Medes. He who was leader of the Medes could not at all resist him. Ormazd (God) brought help to me. By the grace of Ormazd the troops of Hydarnes entirely defeated the rebel army. Subsequently, my forces remained at Capada, a district of Media, apart from me, until I myself arrived in Media.

Yet, in spite of this victory, the rebellion is not crushed. Darius summons another of his generals, Dadarses, and sends him against the rebels. He, too, defeats the insurgents three times, by the grace of Ormazd; but the king sends a third general, Vomises, against the rebels, who are, of course, defeated anew, always by the grace of God. At last Darius himself is obliged to proceed to Media, after having conquered Babylon; and Phraortes, now really defeated by the grace of Ormazd, without Russian intervention and without treachery, was taken prisoner and brought before the king. Darius—we see that ancient history differs in many points from the 'feats of our days—does not hang his enemies, but he cuts off the nose and the ears of Phraortes and has him crucified. The friends of the rebel chief were sent to prison.

Even this short extract is sufficient to show what a rich source of knowledge is opened by the deciphering of the inscription of Behistun for the history of Darius, as well as for the geography of the old Persian realm.

Colonel Rawlinson, however, has not yet published that part of his Memoir treating of the geographical and historical purport of this record. As yet he has only given us a critical inquiry into the Persian cuneiform alphabet, as it is fully established by the numerous names of persons and countries which appear in the Behistun inscription. He has also published a reasoning vocabulary of the ancient Persian language, giving the original text, the translation, and a critical analysis of all the Persian inscriptions, accurately ascertaining the relation of the old Persian language to the Vedic Sanskrit and the later Pehlvi. We await

with impatience the continuation of this Memoir, which is to contain a similar analysis of the Median translation of these inscriptions, and acquaint us with this Scythian (Turk-Tartar) language.

It is very remarkable how distinctly the character of the different kings is expressed in their documents. The great Cyrus has simply engraved on his sepulchre at Murghab, "I am Cyrus, the king of the kings, the Achemenian." This was enough; his feats spoke for themselves. The epitaph of Darius is large. He enumerates the provinces tributary to him, and, amongst the rest, Greece, regardless of the battle of Marathon; he blesses Persia, ascribes all he did to the grace of Ormazd, and concludes with the words:—"May Ormazd protect from injury me and my house, and this province. That I commit to Ormazd, that may Ormazd accomplish for me. O people! the law of Ormazd, that having returned to ye, let it not perish. Beware, lest ye abandon the true doctrine. Beware, lest ye stumble."

Other inscriptions of this king show him as the builder of palaces at Persepolis. The inscriptions of his son Xerxes are of a different character; a prayer to Ormazd, with the name, title, and pedigree of the king, who invokes the protection of his god, is found repeated several times. They are imitations of the records of Darius, without their noble simplicity. The most characteristic of the inscriptions of Xerxes is this one on the rock of Van, in Armenia, in which the king says, after the usual invocation of Ormazd and the autographical record of the royal title: "King Darius, who was my father, he by the grace of God executed many a noble work; he also visited this place, in celebration of which why did he not cause a tablet to be engraved? After that I arrived here, I caused this tablet to be written." Xerxes had nothing more illustrious to relate of his deeds.

After the epoch of Xerxes we have but one other great inscription, that by Artaxerxes Ochus; it is in the style of Xerxes, and evinces the beginning of the corruption of the old Persian language, both in grammar and orthography.

Interesting as these Persian inscriptions are, they do not equal in extent and purport the Assyrian inscriptions excavated by Botta and Layard. We do not yet know them in their whole extent; their very deciphering still meets with the greatest difficulties. Colonel Rawlinson says in this respect:—

It would be affectation to pretend that, because I can ascertain the general purport of an Assyrian inscription, or because I can read and approximately render a plain historical record, like that upon the Nineveh Obelisk, I am really a complete master of the ancient Assyrian language. It would be disingenuous to slur over the broad fact that the science of Assyrian decipherment is yet in its infancy. Let it be remembered, that although fifty years have elapsed since the Rosetta stone was first discovered, and its value was recognized as a partial key to the hieroglyphs, during which period many of the most powerful intellects of modern Europe have devoted themselves to the study of the Egyptian, nevertheless, that study, as a distant branch of philology, has hardly yet passed through its first preliminary stage of cultivation. How, then, can it be expected, that in studying Assyrian with an alphabet scarcely less difficult, and with a language far more difficult, than the Egyptian—with no Plutarch to dissect the Pantheon and supply the names of the gods—no Manetho or Eratosthenes to classify the dynasties, and furnish the means of identifying the kings—how can it be

supposed, that with all the difficulties that beset, and none of the facilities that assist, Egyptologists, two or three individuals are to accomplish in a couple of years more than all Europe has been able to effect in half a century?

The Memoir of Colonel Rawlinson, on the inscription of the celebrated black obelisk in the British Museum, gives us a notion of the interest attaching to the Assyrian inscriptions. This monument contains an account of the feats of a great conqueror, whose very name has until now remained unknown to history. It is Temenbar II., the son of Assar Haddon Pul, (Sardanapalus, not the well-known voluptuary of historical romance, but one of his ancestors,) who built the palace of Nimroud. We have not yet any accurate knowledge as to the epoch of this king; but Colonel Rawlinson assigns it, on plausible reasons, to the twelfth, or at the earliest to the thirteenth, century before Christ. But all these questions will soon find their solution, since, according to the latest tidings, Mr. Layard has been so fortunate as to discover the archives of the Assyrian realm, engraved on large terra cotta tablets—a discovery of the utmost importance to the ancient history of civilization, even if it gives not the true history, but simply the official account, of the facts. A great scholar, with whom we lately conversed on the subject, said:—"Rawlinson, like the Egyptologists, always assumes that conquests recorded by a king are real facts. This is a great delusion. In the court histories of Persia, written in this century, may be read of the *tributes* sent by the English kings to the great shah, told in terms which would imply that England is a province of the Persian empire—if it were in picture-writing, the delusion would be still more complete. Does he forget also the triumphs of Caligula over the Germans? Lying is a vice inherent in despotic courts, and every prince of Nineveh or Memphis was bound to seem at least equal in glory to his conquering predecessors."

From the original edition of the "New Timon."

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S OPINION OF THE POET TENNYSON.

Nor mine, not mine, O muse forbid! the boon
Of borrowed notes, the mockbird's modish tune,
The jingling medley of purloined conceits,
Outbaying Wordsworth, and outglittering Keats,
Where all the airs of patchwork-pastoral chime
To drowsy ears in Tennysonian rhyme!
Am I enthralled but by the sterile rule,
The formal pupil of a frigid school,
If to old laws my Spartan tastes adhere,
If the old vigorous music charms my ear,
Where sense with sound, and ease with weight combine,

In the pure silver of Pope's ringing line;
Or where the pulse of man beats loud and strong
In the frank flow of Dryden's lusty song!
Let school-miss Alfred vent her chaste delight
On "darling little rooms so warm and bright!"
Cant "I'm a-weary" in infect'ous strain,
And, catch her "blue fly singing i' the pane"—
Though praised by critics, though adorned by Blues,
Though Peel with pudding plump the puling muse,
Though Theban taste the Saxon's purse controls,
And pensions Tennyson while starves a Knowles,
Rather be thou, my poor Pierian maid,
Decent at least, in Hayley's weeds arrayed,
Than patch with frippery every tinsel line,
And flaunt admired—the Rag Fair of the Nine.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE ANATOMY OF OLD AGE.

BY J. R. W.

WE all talk of OLD AGE. Some feel it, and bear it with repining, it may be; better with patience; and better still, (O happy lot!) with rejoicing. Others anticipate it with hope and fear; and too many disregard its approach with reckless indifference, as they do the certain arrival of death; or, still worse, hurry on its severest effects by their abuse of the gifts of youth and maturity.

With the general appearances and consequences of old age, whether these manifest themselves in the mind or in the body, we are familiar enough; but with the material causes which produce it, many are unacquainted, and indeed never bestow a thought on them, although the subject is one in many respects very interesting to us all. We shall point out the most important of these under the title, "Anatomy of Old Age."

A very ancient eastern writer thus fancifully describes the body of man:—"A mansion, with bones for its rafters and beams; with nerves and tendons for cords; with muscles and blood for mortar; with skin for its outward covering; filled with no sweet perfume."

It is in the first of these parts—in the rafters and beams—the skeleton—the bones, which form a framework, on which the rest of the body may, without any figure of speech, be said to be suspended or built; it is in the bones that we find the most obvious changes produced by the progress of time—changes which influence, also, in many instances, the alterations of other structures of the body.

Buffon says, "An oak only perishes because the oldest parts of the wood, which are in the centre, become so hard and compact that they can receive no further nourishment. The moisture they contain, being deprived of circulation, and not replaced by fresh sap, ferments, corrupts, and gradually reduces the fibres of the wood into powder. Thus it is with old men, who are subject to natural infirmities that originate solely from the decay of the different parts of the body. The head shakes, the hands tremble, the legs totter, the sensibility of the nerves decreases, and every sense is blunted. At about the age of seventy years, decrepitude commences, and continues to augment till eighty or ninety, when death commonly puts a period to the existence of those few who have been so fortunate as to wade through such length of life, without being taken off its stage by the innumerable host of diseases and casual accidents to which the human frame is subject, and which openly and secretly prey upon our lives."

In order to give a clear idea of what the changes alluded to, as taking place in bone from youth to age, consist, the composition of that substance requires to be explained. Two principal materials concur in the formation of bone, which are termed animal and earthy matters. Of the existence and general appearance of these any one may satisfy himself, by two very simple experiments. Take a piece of bone, and steep it for some time in diluted muriatic acid; when the earthy matter will be decomposed—dissolved by the acid—and thus abstracted from the animal matter. This earthy matter consists, chiefly, of those salts termed phosphate of lime and carbonate of lime. The acid has a strong *affinity*, as chemists call it, for the bases of these salts, and hence they are decomposed and taken away from the animal matter of the bone. The form of the bone is unchanged, but it becomes soft and flexible; so that if it be a long bone, such as a rib, a knot might be tied in it. The second experiment gives a result the reverse of the former. If the bone be put into the fire, and allowed to remain a certain time, its animal portions are destroyed by the fire, and the earthy salts alone remain, still keeping the original form of the bone, if the burning is

not carried too far. What remains, instead of being tough and flexible, like the result of the former experiment, is quite brittle. When we examine the bones of any animal, in the very earliest stages of its existence, they appear to be composed of a substance which is quite soft, like jelly, contained in a thin envelope, or membrane. By degrees, the substance acquires more consistence, becomes firmer, and the covering membrane thicker; until they gradually assume nearly the appearance and properties of cartilage or gristle, which differs from bone in containing a less proportion of the earthy salts. These are so called because they are found in earths and minerals, while what is termed animal matter is found only in animals. This cartilaginous bone, which is at first transparent and colorless, after a time exhibits white opaque spots on its surface; and to these spots very minute vessels can be discovered conveying blood. These blood-vessels, which are in fact nutrient arteries, deposit particles of the earthy matter, and the parts formerly soft and jelly-like become hard and rigid, so that the blood seems to be scarcely capable of forcing a passage through its vessels, compressed as they are by the dense matter thrown out by themselves, and which at last greatly lessens their capacity. But their office is now performed, in a great degree; the bone is formed, and the arteries become so minute as to be imperceptible to the naked eye. Their function, however, though less active, is continued all through life, in a greater or less degree, according to circumstances. When a bone is broken, this process seems to be renewed in all its original vigor, in order to repair the injury.

The nature of the change which takes place in this process of ossification, at one time gave rise to considerable dispute. It was by many thought to be a kind of hardening, or coagulation, resembling the coagulation of white of egg by heat, or the congelation of water by cold. This opinion is now abandoned; it being well ascertained that the change is brought about by means of little vessels, the absorbents, which take up and carry away the gelatinous matter, while at the same time the particles of earthy salts are deposited by the arteries of nutrition. Even when bone is completely formed, this process does not cease; a continual removal and renewal going on, differing in its rapidity, however, there can be no doubt, according to the state of health and other circumstances, during the whole period of life. The old particles are daily being removed by the absorbents, and new particles deposited by the nutrient arteries.

The structure of the bones is harder and more solid in proportion as age comes on. At first, as we have said, they resemble a mere jelly; then a simple tissue of fibres, or plates, interlacing with each other, but containing as yet little or no hard substance. The proportion of earthy matter increases with age, until in many instances the bones become unnaturally brittle, and hence are more easily injured by slight accidents than in youth, when fractures are less easy, and deformities, from the too great flexibility of the bone, more common. In age, the bone more resembles the specimen deprived of its animal matter by fire; in youth, it is nearer that deprived of its earthy matter by acid.

This is not the place to enter minutely into the composition of bone. We have already said that the earthy salts are chiefly phosphate of lime and carbonate of lime; chemists differ in the quantities they give, probably because they have used different kinds of bone. We shall not far err, if we say that bone contains 50 per cent. of phosphate of lime, 10 per cent. of carbonate of lime, small quantities, sometimes, of other salts, and between 30 and 40 per cent. of animal matter. Phosphate of lime, the chief ingredient, is a salt which does not dissolve in water, bears a high temperature without being decomposed, and thus gives to bone the power of resisting, in a remarkable degree, most of the external influences to which

it can be exposed, and renders it the most durable of all the organized bodies with which we are acquainted. Accordingly, the skeletons of animals are found in a tolerably perfect state, often centuries after they have been exposed to all the vicissitudes to which the surface of the globe is liable. Indeed, from the discoveries of geologists, we have good reason to believe that bones still remain which existed before the earth had received its present form; or at least before any traditions, or historical records, of which we are in possession.

The nature of the process which takes place in the formation of bone is illustrated by instances of disease, and one or two of these it may be interesting to mention:—

A very rare disease of bones is what has been termed *softening*; but it is rather a failure in their formation altogether;—the earthy bony matter goes on to be absorbed, but is not again renewed. Madame Sapiot, in 1747, had a fall which occasioned her to keep her bed for some time. Soon afterwards she began to feel her limbs affected with pains, succeeded by bending and softness of the bones, which went on from bad to worse, until, in 1752, the trunk of the body did not exceed twenty-three inches in length; the chest and the extremities were distorted, and the thigh bones so flexible that the feet could easily be laid on each side of her head. The one side was longer in becoming deformed than the other was, and it was surprising to observe the progressive alterations in the forms of the limbs which daily took place from the increasing change in the bones. After death, these were found in a great degree dissolved, the outer covering—for all bones have a kind of outer covering, the membrane formerly mentioned—alone remaining. By the bones being dissolved, the narrator of the case would seem to mean that the earthy matter was wanting, and the bones must have been very much like those which have been steeped in muriatic acid. Rickets, a common enough disease of infancy, depends on the deficiency of earthy matter in bones.

As an instance of the opposite, let us take the remarkable history of M. Sinorre. This person, a captain in the French army, was reduced to a dreadful state by ossification taking place in his joints, so that every joint in his body had become completely motionless. The disease appeared to have its beginning in rheumatism, and he is described as being before his death, which took place in 1802, in the following state: He had, while suffering illness, remained constantly in an arm-chair, and this attitude determined that which his body assumed, and ever after retained. His back was bent, his right elbow placed a little below the middle of the body; the legs formed an acute angle with the thighs; the arm an acute angle with the trunk; and the fingers being by this means pointed inwards, exercised a continual pressure upon the body. The jaws became locked and motionless, as if frozen; so that, in order to support his life, the front teeth were taken out, and soft food introduced by the opening; and in the same way his drink was given him by means of a tube. When it was necessary to lift him, in order to make his bed, he was raised at once, in one piece, not the slightest bending taking place. This unfortunate man, such is the force of mind over circumstances, however adverse, bore his fate with great cheerfulness, and amused himself with singing ballads, which he himself composed, and sold to assist him in his poverty.

A few years ago, we saw in Warwickshire a gentleman in a state very nearly the same as that of the French captain. Nearly all his joints were fixed and motionless; and he was lifted daily, in helplessness, from his bed to an arm-chair by the fireside. He had some motion of one arm, and his jaws were free. The disease had been going on for several years, and no medical treatment had availed in checking it. He was not suffering much pain.

Such extreme cases illustrate the subject; but, for-

tunately, the ossification of old age does not proceed so far. Still, its increase is often to a diseased extent. The joints in their natural state are formed of ligaments and cartilage; these become harder, and hence the joints become stiffer and stiffer, as age advances. The very elastic spinal column becomes so stiff as not to change its position without pain and difficulty, and hence the stooping position—hence the tottering step. The elastic coats which line the cavities and entrances of the heart, become loaded with bony particles, from which in their natural state they are free; thus these arteries become brittle instead of elastic, some one of them gives way in the neighborhood of the heart, and sudden death is the result; or, if it be the arteries in the brain which yield, we may have apoplexy and palsy. The capacity of the heart and arteries generally being diminished, the blood flows more slowly, and is not so rapidly nor so completely purified by the lungs; and hence a failure of most of the organs and faculties, both of the mind and of the body. Other influences may occur in producing the phenomena of old age, but this we have been describing, the gradual increase of bony matter, is greatly preponderating in producing these effects, and is the most common instrument by which nature works, when undisturbed by violence, in terminating human life.

In the passage already quoted from Buffon, he gives from eighty to ninety years as the limit of human life, which corresponds with the Scripture rule of “three-score and ten, or if in some, by reason of more strength, they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow.” Mr. Smith, of Southam, in an ingenious little tract printed for private circulation, traces from Bible history the causes of the shortening of life at different periods to the prevalence of particular sins at those periods; and, whatever we may think of his theory in this respect, we cannot deny the soundness of the benevolent author’s opinion, that the most rational plan for restoring to us the longevity of the patriarchs, is to turn away from those sins to which he attributes the abbreviation of life. The celebrated Haller has given a table of 221 individuals who lived from 100 years to 169; but the most remarkable work upon this subject is a volume by James Easton, published at Salisbury in 1799. In it he records the name, age, place of residence, and year of the decease of 1712 persons who attained a century and upwards, from the year A. D. 66 to 1799, comprising a period of 1733 years, with anecdotes of the most remarkable. Mr. Easton must have used great research; he writes in perfect good faith; and although, doubtless, he may occasionally have given credit to uncertain traditions, we cannot reasonably withhold our confidence from his work as a whole. The following is his classification of the different ages:—

From 100 to 110,	1310
110 to 120,	277
120 to 130,	84
130 to 140,	26
140 to 150,	7
150 to 160,	3
160 to 170,	2
170 to 185,	3

From the historical sketches Easton gives, we cannot form any conclusion as to the kind of life most conducive to this extreme longevity. We have them of all kinds, hard-working and indolent, temperate and intemperate, men and women; we must set them all down as exceptional cases, depending upon some peculiarity of constitution unknown to us; but no man of common sense will deny, that, in order to attain a moderate old age, temperance and active exercise, not hard labor, are the most likely means to succeed.

From Easton’s book we take the following instances:—

George Kirton, Esq., died in 1764, aged 125; he was a fox-hunter, and hard-drinker to the last.

William Farr, carrier from Birmingham to Tamworth, died in 1770, in his 121st year. He had 144 descendants, *all of whom he survived*, and left 10,000*l.* to charitable uses. What an affecting thing, this old man burying 144 children and grandchildren, and left alone in the world at 120 years of age! Yet his heart was softened, not seared, for in his dying hours he thought of the poor.

Thomas Wood died in 1738, aged 106; he was parish clerk of Canfield in Essex seventy-eight years, kept his bed only one day, and could read without spectacles to the last.

Sir Henry Featherstone, Bart., who had property near Bloomsbury, and from whom Featherstone Buildings, in Holborn, are probably named, died in 1746, aged 100.

Margaret Krasinowna died in 1763, aged 108. At ninety-four she married Gaspard Raykett, aged 105; they are said, but it is hardly credible, to have had two boys and a girl, unhealthy and ill-formed.

James Hatfield died in 1770, aged 105. This was the soldier of whom the well-known story is told, that being on guard at Windsor, he was accused of sleeping on his post, when he defended himself by asserting that he had heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen instead of twelve, which, on inquiry, turned out to be the case.

Thomas Parr, the most talked-of of old men since the days of Methusalem, was born at Winnington in Shropshire, and died in 1635, aged 152. He married for the first time at eighty-eight, and had children. At the age of 102 a woman attributed a child to him, and he married a widow at the age of 120. He fed chiefly on bread and cheese, milk, and whey; and had so hearty an appetite as often to rise during the night to take food. Lord Arundel took him to court, and presented him to Charles I. It is supposed that the high feeding he now had, shortened his days. His body was opened by the illustrious Harvey; the heart was found fatter than usual. The account of Harvey is not very particular, which is to be regretted.

John Michaelstone, a grandson of Parr, died in 1763, aged 127. He is said to have been very temperate.

A joiner named Humphries died at Newington, in 1799, aged 100; and was said never to have been more than a mile from his own door.

Henry Jenkins died in 1670, aged 169. He used to mention, as an evidence of his age, that he remembered the battle of Flodden; and also the last Abbot of Fountains. He gave evidence in a case in April, 1665, when he was 157. He is buried at Belton, in Yorkshire, where there is an inscription on his tombstone. He was a fisherman for the last century of his life, and fared hard.

The Rev. Mr. Gilpin, in his "Observations on Picturesque Scenery," has the following amusing remarks on Jenkins: "Among all the events which, in the course of 169 years, had fastened upon the memory of this singular man, he spoke of nothing with so much emotion as the ancient state of Fountains Abbey. If he were ever questioned on that subject, he would be sure to inform you 'what a brave place it once had been;' would speak with much feeling of the clamor which its dissolution occasioned in the country. 'About a hundred and thirty years ago,' he would say, 'when I was butler to Lord Conyers, and old Marmaduke Bradley, now deceased and gone, was Lord Abbot, I was often sent by my lord to inquire after the Lord Abbot's health; and the Lord Abbot would always send for me up to his chamber, and would order me a quarter of a yard of roast beef, and wassail, which I remember well was always brought in a black jack.' From this account, we see what it was that riveted Fountains Abbey so distinctly in the old man's memory. The black jack, I doubt not, was a stronger idea than all the splendor of the house, or all the virtues of the Lord Abbot."

Stephen Rumbold died in 1687, aged 105, and is

buried at Brightwell, in Oxfordshire, with this epitaph:—

He lived one hundred and five,
Sanguine and strong;
One hundred to five,
You live not so long.

The Countess of Desmond died in 1612, aged 143. She is said by Bacon to have renewed her teeth twice or thrice. The *o* leads to a doubt.

William Eadie died in 1731, aged 120. He was sexton or grave-digger to the parish of Canongate, Edinburgh, and buried the inhabitants of that extensive district three times over.

Peter Torton, in 1724, and St. Mongah, in 1781, are both stated to have died at 185 years of age, but no particulars of their history are given.

The writer had occasion, at one period, officially to visit and examine into the histories of about 300 men, all exceeding 60 years of age, pensioners on a charitable society. The majority were between 70 and 80; a good many above 80; a few, perhaps ten, above 90; and one 104. They were mostly mere wrecks of men; few could hear and see at all well. But indeed their infirmities were the causes of their requiring the aid of others. Most men, not broken down by disease or hard labor, are in full vigor of body and mind, (less active than vigorous in body—the ossification in the neighborhood of the joints is increasing,) between 60 and 70. The man 104 years of age was an Irishman; had been a common laborer all his life. He was quite imbecile both in body and mind; and the evidence of his age was derived from his family.

There is living, or was a few weeks ago, a woman in Christ Church workhouse, Southwark, 108 years of age at least, probably a year more. She is remarkably lively, and, all things considered, intelligent. Her face has a singular expression, not easily described. She is neat and cleanly dressed, and quite contented. When asked if she wanted for anything, she expressed a wish for some tea, as she could drink more than the allowance. This modest request was easily complied with.

To the good heart nothing can be more grateful than to bestow attention and kindness on the aged; and there is no duty to which we are more obviously bound. When we came into the world, helpless and wailing, having eyes, and ears, and limbs indeed, but these wholly useless, and having no power that availed us but the feeble cry of distress, was not that cry listened to in mercy? The eyes of affection beamed upon us, our ears were charmed with the lullaby, and the arms of others supplied to us the place of limbs; while the mildest food was provided for our imperfect mouths. Now need we, in the vigor of manhood, grudge to lend our hands to support the tottering limbs of those who so often bore us in their arms?—need we think it tedious to read the desired volume, or tell the news of the day into the dull ear of the aged, who charmed and trained our infant ears with the merry song or the schoolboy fable? Let our now quick sight, and active hand, aid them in all their little wants, at the fireside or the dinner-table, when the eye fails and the hand trembles. Nor is it the individuals alone who may have been our parents and friends, that we ought to honor; we should extend our regard to all the aged. All treat infancy with love. Should death or other cause deprive an infant of its parents, some kind soul is found to take up the task of love; the exceptions are so rare as not for a moment to call for consideration. All great and good men have been affectionate to their aged parents, and those who have been deprived in childhood of father or mother, have often shed tears of sadness to their memory.

There is a curious anecdote in the recently published memoirs of Dr. Chalmers, so eminent as a man and a Christian. It is an extract from his private journal, and he seems to reproach himself for not having shown sufficient attention to his aged relatives, al-

though a warmer-hearted man never lived; but his awakened conscience was tender. His father was blind and deaf; his mother and his aunt both deaf. He is on a visit to them, and says:—

"I think I am behaving well. I can scarcely force myself to talk when I am inclined to be silent, but I may at least ward off the assaults of anger. Now this I have done; and while the 'Ehs?' and the 'Whats?' reciprocate in full play across the table, and explanations darken rather than clear up the subject, and entanglements of sense thicken and multiply on every side of me, and Aunt Jean tries to help out the matter by the uptakings of her quick and confident discernment, and confusion worse confounded is the upshot of one and all of her interferences; why, even then, I know that it is my duty, and I shall strive to make it my practice, to stand serene amid this war of significations and cross-purposes, and gently to assist the infirmities which I may be soon called to share in."

We conclude with another sentence from the eastern sage whom we referred to in the commencement of this paper—Manu, as translated by William Jones, by whom he is stated to have written one thousand years before the Christian era. "The body is a mansion, infested by age and by sorrow, the seat of malady, harassed with pains, haunted with the quality of darkness, and incapable of standing long; such a mansion of the vital soul, let its occupier always cheerfully quit." We would add to the words of the eastern sage, that while we should be ready to quit the mansion with cheerfulness, we should also, when there, inhabit it with cheerfulness. It is the body God has given us, and he will surely hold us accountable for its use.

A MANUFACTORY OF ANIMALS.—In Saumur, in a modest shop upon the quay, I witnessed an exhibition showing a degree of industry, ingenuity, and perfectly novel artistic skill, which surprised and delighted me. In a glass case by the door stood what I took at first sight to be a huge grotesque doll, made up in ludicrous imitation of the lack-a-daisical looking shepherds who sometimes flourish in the pictures of Watteau and his pastoral-loving contemporaries. Looking more closely, I discovered that my shepherd was a glass one—that the half-furry, half-velvety materials in which he was dressed were composed of innumerable filaments of spun glass of all imaginable colors. I was examining the figure, when the shopkeeper politely invited me to enter. He was engaged, by the help of a jet of gas, a small lump of glass, and the blow-pipe, in manufacturing an infinity of tiny dogs, cats, and birds of paradise, with lustrous tails—the like of which abound in our own toy-shops, but which were here endowed with an artistic appearance of life, and finished off with a perfection of detail which appeared to me quite unrivalled. Still, not being over and above interested in the production of these pretty nicnackeries, I was turning to go, when I observed a large glass case at the bottom of the shop, containing what I took to be a very fine stuffed specimen of a lion, a striped tiger, and a leopard. "Ah!" said the artist "these are my triumphs. I make my living out of trumpery dogs and cats, and children's sets of plate; but these are the works to which I have devoted all the time, and in which I have settled all the pride of my life."

I was astounded. What I had taken for the natural hides and fur of the animals was entirely glass—every tawny hair in the lion's mane being a distinct thread of the brittle material, and every colored fibre in the tiger's striped hide a separately spun specule of correspondingly hued glass. Here, no doubt, were the evidences of vast labor, of most patient and delicate handiwork. But the art of the exhibition was shown in the skill and fidelity with which nature had

been imitated, in the whole aspect and bearing of the animals—in the fine swell of their muscles—the attitudes and cord-like tenseness given to the legs—and, above all, in the fierce and life-like aspect imparted to the creatures' heads, that of the lion in particular, flaming upwards from the tangled masses of shaggy hair.

The artist looked upon his works with paternal pride. "I am the only man in Europe," he said, "who can make the like." He added that he had been sent for by the late ex-King of the French, who had purchased several smaller animals, made in the style of those I saw. I expressed the hope that I should encounter the lion, next summer, in the London Exposition. "No," the man replied; "he had shown his collection to great English milords when he was in Paris, but they were stiff and cold, and the reception they had given him discouraged him from thinking of sending any specimens of his skill to London." It is to be hoped, however, that M. Lam-bourg—such is the artist's name—will change his mind in this respect. The lion cost him five years of labor. He estimated its value at 30,000 francs, while he rated the tiger and leopard as worth 15,000 francs each.—*Special Correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle.*

HEBREW EXEMPTION FROM CHOLERA.—A report of the London Board of Health, drawn up for a committee of the House of Commons, is filled with strange and interesting statistics concerning that mysterious disease. To one incident recorded in its pages we will venture to draw the attention of our readers. When the cholera was raging in London some twelve months ago, it was frequently remarked by the newspapers that the Jews were, strangely enough, exempt from the disease. The reports were considered as idle rumors, and frequently contradicted; but it now appears that out of a population of over 20,000 of the chosen people, besides 2000 Portuguese, only thirteen cases of cholera occurred, and the same immunity was observable during the epidemic of 1832. These people, too, it must be observed, inhabit for the most part the foulest and most unhealthy portion of the metropolis.

How is such a fortunate exemption to be accounted for? It has never been supposed, we believe, that any superior morality on the part of the Hebrews entitled them to special favors; nor as a class have they generally been exempt from a full share of suffering and persecution. The causes are simple enough when explained as they are by the Board of Health, and the facts they disclose convey an impressive and useful moral. The lower classes of Jews, however poor they may be, never crowd more than one family into the same room; whereas, among the lower orders of other communities—especially the Irish—several families "pig together" in one apartment. Again, the Jews, as a class, are not given to the abuse of intoxicating liquors. One of the commissioners of inquiry says, "I have had, during the last twenty years, much intercourse with the Jews, and I cannot recall to mind a single instance of drunkenness in any family I have visited. In virtue of their religion, they are particular in their food. All shell fish is avoided, and the meat exposed for sale is inspected by an officer appointed for the purpose; and if any disease is found, it is condemned. Sabbath rest is, for the most part, strictly observed. The Jews are unable, from religious motives, to enter the workhouse, and the poor, being comparatively few in number, are relieved by the more wealthy of their own persuasion. Relieving officers inquire into distress, which being relieved, extreme destitution is avoided. The passover enjoins every Jew to have his house thoroughly cleansed annually, and the rooms of the lower classes are annually "lime-washed." There is an instructive lesson here for those who will take it

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A FRENCHMAN IN CAIRO.*

HONEST Abdallah, the most accomplished of dragomans, stumbled upon M. de Nerval, an adventurous French traveller, on board the *Leonidas*. Abdallah was in all his glory. A long white tunic set off to great advantage his figure, in which Nubian blood gave color to a mask, borrowed from the head of the Egyptian sphynx. Large golden rings hung from his ears, and he paraded the deck with the usual indolent yet grandiose step of a self-complacent Oriental, followed by a suite composed of a dragoman, younger than himself, and a little black carrying his pipe.

"There were no Englishmen on board," says M. de Nerval, with an ingenuousness which does him infinite credit, and the dragoman attached himself to his person "*faute de mieux*;" but "I fear," he added with a sigh, "he is too noble a *serviteur* pour un si petit seigneur que moi."

Disembarking with a retinue so agreeably improvised, further *éclat* was imparted to the transit to the Hôtel d'Angleterre by the additional services of four donkeys and their vociferous drivers. The expenses at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, amounting to sixty piastres a day, with thirty more for first and second dragomans and the dusky pipe-bearer, soon had the effect of subduing our traveller's ambition to live in Egypt en *petit seigneur* so effectually, that when the donkeys were being driven, full trot, to the Hôtel de l'Esbekieh in Cairo, M. de Nerval stopped them in their onward career, declaring that, as the terms were the same as at Alexandria, he would have nothing to do with the hotel.

"You prefer, perhaps, then, going to the Hotel Waghorn, in the Frank quarter?" inquired Abdallah.

"I should prefer an hotel that was not English."
"Well, you have the French Hotel de Domergue."

"Let us go there."

"Excuse me. I have no objection to take you there, but I cannot stay there with you."

"Why so?"

"Because it is an hotel where the charges are only forty piastres a day. I cannot go to it."

"Well, I can, at all events."

"You are unknown. I belong to the town. I attend chiefly upon *Messieurs les Anglais*. I have my position to uphold. There is a way, however, in which matters might be compromised. You can stop two or three days at the Hotel Domergue, where I can go and see you as a friend. In the interval, I will hire a house for you in the city, and I can then remain in your service without loss of dignity."

Nor was our traveller long in getting tired of the Hotel Domergue. The billiard-room, the piano on the first floor, the struggle of art against nature in a country where there is neither beef nor veal to produce filet, fricandeau, or biftek, became wearisome; besides, it was Marseilles over again; M. de Nerval longed for a taste of pure oriental life. Accordingly, he repaired with Abdallah to see the style of the houses in the Greek and Copt quarters. Handsome tenements, of several stories, with yard and garden, he found were to be had for about 300 piastres, or little more than three pounds sterling per annum. The saloons were beautifully decorated, the court paved with marble and adorned

with a fountain, the hall, staircase, and corridors were wide as those of the palaces of Genoa or Venice, the yard was surrounded with a colonnade, and the gardens were shaded by rare and exquisite trees and shrubs. It was only requisite to people one of these superb interiors with fair slaves and obsequious mutes, to live the life of a prince of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment.

With such visionary happiness in perspective, our traveller was not long in selecting one of these cheap Cairo palaces, in which he installed himself with the title of *myrliva*, or general of an imaginary army. Abdallah and an obliging Jew, Yusuf by name, disinterestedly assisted him in providing such carpets, cushions, and curtains, as constitute nearly the sum total of oriental furniture. The house was pleasantly situated. Opposite to it was a coffee-house, a study for character; a little further down was a donkey station, which enlivened the neighborhood; and beyond this, again, a mosque, from whose high minaret the blind muezzin—blind that he might not peer with curious eyes into the habitations below—chanted forth every night, "Oh! you who are going to sleep, recommend your souls to him who never sleeps!"

Nothing could be more delightful; but, alas! for all human enjoyments, the charms of oriental life were destined to be interrupted even the morning after taking possession. Long before our traveller was up, the sheikh of the quarter, a venerable old man with a white beard, had been waiting with his secretary and pipe-bearer, to be introduced. This effected, his pipe refilled, and coffee served, the following conversation took place, Abdallah acting as interpreter:—

"He comes," said the dragoman, "to return you the money which you gave to hire the house."

"For what reason?"

"He says your mode of living is unknown, your manners—"

"Well, has he found them reprehensible?"

"It is not that. He thought you would inhabit the house with a wife."

"Unfortunately, I am not married."

"That does not concern him. He says your neighbors have all wives, and they will be uneasy if you have not one. Besides, it is customary here."

"What does he wish me to do?"

"Either to quit the house, or to find a wife to live in it with you. He says that a gentleman like you ought not to live alone, and that it is always honorable to wed and cherish a female. It is still better, he says, to wed and cherish several when your religion permits it."

The fraternal arguments, and the specious reasoning of the old gentleman, M. de Nerval says, affected him much, but he begged for time to consult his friends before coming to a final decision upon a point which he had not contemplated as a first necessity in the assumption of oriental life.

Among those who advised with him upon this important occasion was the disinterested Jew, Yusuf.

"I have heard," said the Jew, when he came to take his usual place in the divan the next morning, "that you want a wife, and I have found a *wakil*."

"A *wakil*?"

"Yes, that means an *envoyé*—an ambassador; but, in the present case, it is an honest man who arranges matters with the parents of marriageable daughters. He will bring them to you, or take you to them."

"Oh! indeed! But who are the young ladies?"

"Very honest people. There are no others at

* *Scènes de la Vie Orientale*, par Gérard de Nerval. 2 tomes. Hippolyte Souverain, à Paris.

Cairo, since his highness has expelled all of a different description to Esneh."

"Well, let the wakil come."

The wakil was a blind man, whom his son, a great robust fellow, led about with an air of the greatest humility. They each mounted a donkey, and our traveller gladdened his imagination by comparing the blind man to Cupid, and his son to Hymen. The Jew, however, indifferent to these mythological conceits, continued to instruct him as they rode along.

"You can be married here in four different ways," he said. "The first is to wed a Copt girl before the Turk."

"What Turk?"

"A holy man, to whom you make a present. He repeats a prayer, takes you before the *cadi*, and fulfils the duties of a priest. Such men are saints in this country, and everything they do is well done. They do not trouble themselves about your religion, if you do not care about theirs; but such a marriage is not customary with very honest girls."

"Good; let us pass on to the next."

"The next is a serious affair. You are a Christian, the Copts are so likewise; there are Coptic priests who will marry you, although schismatic, on condition of a settlement made to the woman, in case you should divorce her afterwards."

"That is but reasonable. But what is the amount of the settlement expected?"

"Oh, that depends on the agreement. Never less than two hundred piastres."

"Fifty francs! Well, I shall marry; it is not so expensive after all."

"There is still another kind of marriage for very scrupulous persons of good family. You are affianced before a Coptic priest, he marries you according to the rites of his church, and then you cannot divorce the woman."

"Stop a moment; that is rather too serious."

"Not at all. You have only to make a settlement upon the lady in case you should leave the country."

"Oh! in that case she is free, then?"

"Certainly, and you also; but you are united so long as you remain in this country."

"Well, that too is reasonable enough. But what is the fourth kind of marriage?"

"That I recommend you not to think of. You are twice married; at the Copt church, and at the convent of Franciscans."

"It is a mixed marriage?"

"It is a very solid marriage. If you leave the country, you must take your wife with you. She can follow you anywhere—*et vous mettre les enfants sur les bras*."

"Then that is an absolute marriage—there is no remission!"

"There are still means of slipping in clauses to make the marriage null and void; but you must take care and not allow yourself to be led before the consul."

"Ah! That, I suppose, is a European marriage?"

"Precisely so."

The party had arrived by this time in the Coptic quarter. A house of mean appearance served as neutral territory where the presentation was to take place.

"You will see two," said the Jew to the Frenchman, "and if neither should please you, more shall be brought."

"That's but fair; but, if they remain veiled, I forewarn you I shall not marry."

"Nonsense; we are not here among Turks."

"The Turks have the advantage of a lucky hit amidst a number."

"True; the case is different."

The appearance of four stalwart men on the ground-floor somewhat damped the traveller's ardor, and he hastily ascertained that there was a guard-house close by; after which, ascending a stone staircase, he found a place assigned him and the others, with the additional presence of a white-bearded Coptic priest, while the inevitable coffee and pipes were brought. Shortly after this, the *khatbeh*, or lady wakil, made her appearance, accompanied by two veiled females. The affair assumed so serious an aspect, that our traveller may really be excused stating that he became somewhat anxious as to the results. At last, two young persons came in, and each in her turn kissed his hand. They were dressed in flowered taffety and embroidered muslin. Our Frenchman thought the effect *fort printanier*. They wore the usual red cap, beneath which the hair was nearly hidden in ribbons, and gold and silver coins; but still it was evident one was a brunette, the other a blonde. Any difficulties upon that score had been thus anticipated. The latter so far pleased the Frenchman, that he declares "he had all kinds of soft things to say to her, without, at the same time, entirely neglecting the rest of the company." The *séance* terminated by our traveller rising to depart.

"*Ma foi!*" he said, when outside the dangerous threshold; "I should have no objections to wed the blonde before the Turk."

"Her mother would not permit it; they hold by the Coptic priest. They are a family of scribes. The father is dead. The daughter you preferred has only been married once, and is scarcely sixteen years of age."

"Oh! she is a widow, then?"

"No; divorced."

"Oh! *Mais cela change la question!*" sighed forth the disappointed swain. And the blind man and his son were employed upon a further wakilage.

These researches, which obtained for our traveller an insight into the general appearance of the Coptic fair sex, without, he says, their bothering themselves too much with his difficulty of choice, so long as he now and then made them presents, were interrupted by the dragoman, who, becoming jealous of the influence acquired by the Jew, introduced to the traveller a certain Mahomet, versed in the Italian language, and who had a marriage of high promise to propose.

"This match," said Mahomet, "must be before the consul. The family is rich, and the young lady is only twelve years of age."

"She is very young; but it appears that is the only age at which one is to be met with neither a widow nor divorced."

"*Signor, è vero!* The parents are impatient to see you. They have heard you are a general, and live in a house where an Englishman formerly dwelt."

Our traveller, charmed with this Oriental amplification of rank and respectability, mounted a donkey to visit the fair one. He was well received by the father, in a turban of white muslin, and the mother was well dressed and good-looking. Pipes and coffee were handed round, and the poor child, thus shamefully put up for sale, brought in

sweatmeats in a crystal cup, followed by dark attendants. "The whole family appeared so respectable," says the Frenchman, on once more taking his departure without coming to a decision, "that I regretted having presented myself without any very serious intentions." The fact is, his intentions, if we may judge by the events that followed, were serious enough, but his indecision was caused by a fear of the extent of settlement which would be expected by such "respectable" people from a French general who lived in a house formerly inhabited by an Englishman. M. de Nerval was, however, destined once more to see his young bearer of sweatmeats. The girl had learnt a few words of Italian. The Frenchman was in ecstacy. "Oh, Hymen! I saw thee that day," he exclaims, "very closely. Thou canst be, no doubt, according to our European ideas, only elder brother of Cupid. Would it not be charming to see grow up and develop itself before one the wife of one's choice, to take for some time the place of a father before becoming a husband? Yes, but how dangerous for the lover!"

Our traveller resolved to consult his friends upon the subject, and the first to whom he exposed what he calls "the delicacy of his sentiments," was the dragoman, Abdallah.

"Have you made any inquiries about the settlement?" asked the latter while smoking his pipe.

"Not at all. I heard it was a mere trifle."

"They talk of twenty thousand piastres."

"Indeed! Not an insignificant dowry."

"No, when you have got to pay it."

"I to pay! Why, I thought the family insisted upon a European marriage!"

"Precisely so; but that does not alter the case. In this country, the money comes from the husband, not from the wife."

Our traveller's horror at thus finding that the expense of getting a wife increased with her youth, beauty, and respectability, may be imagined; but he consoled himself in almost the same breath by thinking that, for the same outlay, he could acquire for himself a whole seraglio of slaves.

In the mean time, while marriage presented so many difficulties, another change suggested itself to the Frenchman. He had got tired of the cookery, and still more so of the expense of the Hotel Domergue. A cook would cost a dollar a day. Other servants would be required, for at Cairo no attendant does more than one thing, and the cook will not even boil the coffee. Still the expenses, he calculated, would not come up to the sixty piastres a day consumed at the hotel. Our traveller does not appear, however, to have manifested the same fastidiousness in regard to male attendants that he had hitherto shown with regard to female companions. A cook, Mustafah by name, was obtained, and the yard and gardens were stocked with pigeons and poultry to fatten. The former fetched 2*d.* in the market; the latter, 1*d.* Game, fish, vegetables, and fruits were still cheaper. As to meat, mutton only was to be purchased in the markets, and this was as often obtained from living camels, goats, and dogs, as from veritable sheep. But, with all these advantages, the Jew attendant, dragoman, cook, and other servants, managed to consume so much among themselves, to complicate the accounts, and quarrel upon every detail, so that little was gained by the change, save vexation of spirit and loss to the pocket. A last alternative presented itself, which was to buy a slave. "By that means," said the Frenchman to

himself, "I shall perhaps ultimately be able to do without dragoman or attendant, and shall be better able to settle my accounts with the cook."

This last resolve was probably hastened by a little incident that occurred at the onset of the new domestic arrangements. One morning M. de Nerval found, on returning from a walk, that the roof of his house was covered with workmen, busy in raising up a trellis-work, to obscure the prospect around. To his inquiries as to what this meant, he learnt that it was by order of the sheikh of the quarter, to whom complaints had been made, more especially by a khanum, or lady, next door, that the Frenchman walked on the terrace before sunset and after sunrise, and allowed his infidel looks to wander into his neighbor's premises. This, as he had no wife, was a thousand times more objectionable than if he had been a married man. There was no alternative. Abdallah received orders to conduct his not unwilling master to the slave-market.

Our traveller and his dragoman accordingly traversed the whole length of the city to the great bazaars, and there, having turned down a dark street running at angles from the main thoroughfare, they rode, without being obliged to dismount from their donkeys, into a square enclosure, with a well in the centre, shaded by a sycamore, while along the side walls were ranged some dozens of slave-girls; on the other side was a series of cells, also tenanted by female slaves, and to these they directed their steps. The first group to which their attention was directed was composed of dark negroes from Senaar, with prominent jaws, thick lips, and low foreheads, and they received their visitor with a roar of laughter. But, notwithstanding these little drawbacks, our traveller found so much attraction about them, that he says, "Had I been in a condition to *mener largement la vie Orientale*, I should not have deprived myself of these picturesque creatures!"

As, however, M. de Nerval was obliged for the time being to content himself with a single slave, he resolved to select one whose facial angle was a little more open, and her color a little less dark. Not satisfied, therefore, with his first investigation, he repaired with his faithful Abdallah to the outskirts of the town, by the Bab el Madbah, where were a group of newly-arrived Ethiopians. Our traveller's customary fastidiousness, however, accompanied him here. The only slave that awakened interest, and for whom he was willing to bid, turned out to be the personal favorite of the slave-merchant himself.

Disgusted with his ill-success, and still more humiliated by the shouts of laughter with which his appearance had upon each occasion been hailed by the black beauties of the slave bazaars, our Frenchman resolved upon taking a further step in Oriental life. He had his head shaved; he adopted the white cap and red tarboush; put on a pair of blue cotton trousers, and a red waistcoat embroidered with silver; and over the whole he threw a *mashlah*, or "patriarchal mantle," as he termed it. The effect of this costume must have been very imposing, for the dragoman assured him he might be mistaken for a Syrian mountaineer, newly arrived from Saida or Tripoli, and the assistants called him Tehelebi, which, he says, "*est le nom des élégants dans le pays*." The original meaning of the word is, we believe, soup-eater, but it has, by long custom, become a common epithet, applied to the rayah or Christian *bourgeoisie* in the East.

Thus accoutred, our traveller repaired to the domicile of Abdel Kerim, a famous slave-merchant, where, he had been informed, he could see some Nubians. Abdel Kerim received his visitor graciously.

"He sees you with me," said the modest Abdallah, "and that gives him a good opinion of you. I will tell him you are going to stay in this country, and intend to set up a house in the first style of splendor."

The words of Abdallah evidently made a favorable impression upon Abdel Kerim; but the look and manners of the slave-dealer struck the Frenchman as at once so *distingué*, and yet so resolute, that "it is very evident," he said to himself, "that the woman who will be sold to me here must have been first fascinated by Abdel Kerim."

Nubians and Abyssinians fared, however, no better with our most difficult of travellers than negroes. In vain was he led to contemplate a dozen little copper-colored girls, who were feeding the ducks in a marble fountain; the Tchelebi was not so easily captivated; but his powers of resistance were destined to succumb at last. One woman drew from him, he says, a scream of enthusiasm.

"I had just recognized," he avers, "the almond-shaped eye, the oblique eyelid of the Javanese, whose portrait I had seen in Holland. This woman evidently belonged to the yellow race. I do not know what taste for the strange or the unforeseen was awakened within me, but I decided on her at once. She was in other respects delightful to contemplate; her form solid and much to be admired; the metallic lustre of her eyes, the whiteness of her teeth, and the length of her hair, of a dark mahogany color, as shown to me by taking off her turboush, left me nothing to object to the praises which Abdel Kerim conveyed by exclaiming triumphantly, '*Bono! bono!*'"

Certainly it was worth while to be fastidious, to reject young Copts and fair Greeks, to scorn negro beauty, and to turn up one's nose at the charms of Nubian girlhood, to mate at last with a yellow-skinned Javanese! But there is no accounting for taste.

M. de Nerval having, however, come to a final resolve, the question of price became one almost of secondary consideration. Abdel Kerim asked five purses (a little more than six pounds.) Our traveller thought he would offer four; but the idea that a lady was in the case made the idea of bargaining appear too ungallant; so that, in this case, sentiment carried the day over parsimony.

The same evening he led his veiled slave triumphantly to his house in the Copt quarter. An attendant of the bazaar followed with a donkey carrying a large green box. Abdel Kerim was not a very bigoted Mussulman. The box contained two dresses given to the Javanese by a former master, a sheikh of Mecca, and its green color indicated a high odor of pilgrim and hereditary sanctity, all of which now went to give *éclat* to the infidel's procession *à l'Orientale*.

The triumph was, however, but of short duration. No sooner was his slave fairly established at home, than he began to talk of *chagrins domestiques*. "For some time," he says, "I was under the fascination of local color. I listened to her prattle (without understanding a word;) I watched her arranging her strange apparel; it was like having a splendid bird in a cage—a thing that naturally soon grows wearisome."

Worse than all, a closer examination showed that the fair Javanese had, beneath the red band which girded her forehead, a great brand as large as a dollar. She had another brand of similar character on her bosom, and upon each an imperfect sun was tattooed; her chin was also tattooed with a drawing of a spearhead, and her left nostril was pierced to receive a ring. Her hair was also clipped from the forehead and temples, the eyebrows being prolonged to the latter by a long line of black paint. The arms and feet were also dyed with henna into a deep orange tint.

So much for the imperfections of *la femme jaune*. But Frenchmen are not wanting in the philosophy which teaches us to make the best of a bad bargain. The brands could be covered with jewels, the hair could be allowed to grow, the henna could be washed off, and *la femme jaune* should be the fair Zeynab after all. Nay, so fair did she become in his eyes, that he soon began to entertain great misgivings at leaving her at home by herself; and yet in Cairo he could not take her out to walk with him. This was another *petit désagrément* which he had not foreseen.

Jealousy is a thing so perfectly understood in the East, according to M. de Nerval, that he was only following the general example by giving himself up to the green-eyed monster. Abdallah was dismissed without ever having been allowed to see the fair Zeynab. The Jew Yusuf called, and was allowed to promenade the terrace pipe in hand. The fair slave was to cover herself when Mustafah, the cook, brought in his villanous pillafs; yet, worse than all, she was actually found, the very first day of her arrival, at the lattice contemplating two young Turkish officers smoking at a doorway opposite! This led to a first attempt at correction, which, as all the Arabic the Frenchman had picked up consisted of *tayib*, well or good, *lah!* no, and a few other monosyllables, to which Zeynab contented herself by replying in a very contemptuous *mafiash!* the advances made in the proposed domestic reforms may be readily imagined. They were still further shown by the Javanese giving also, on the first day of their acquaintanceship, an intimation to her lord and master that, as she was the slave of a general, she ought to be dressed in silks and satins, and not in cotton.

"O woman!" exclaimed the happy Frenchman, "with you everything changes. I was delighted, pleased with everything. I said *tayib* to every demand, and Egypt smiled upon me." It would, perhaps, have been more correct to have said Java; but our traveller was not wider from the mark than when declaring he was fascinated by the fair slave's "local color." Having said *tayib* to the demands of the Javanese, he called in the assistance of Madame Bonhomme, who tried on a bonnet; but the result was so unfavorable upon the Malayan features of the slave that they were obliged to return to the turboush, much to Zeynab's disappointment, for she wanted to be dressed *à l'Européenne*. Indeed, the lady's temper suffered somewhat from this first disappointment, for M. de Nerval having supplanted Abdallah and Mustafah by an old Copt and his wife, "for prudential reasons," the latter dressed what might have been called the "nuptial dinner" so little to the lady's satisfaction, that she loaded the unfortunate couple with insults.

This was scarcely what the Frenchman had expected. He had purchased a slave for economy as well as pleasure. "I bade Mansur," he relates, "tell her, if she did not like Copt cookery,

she should cook herself; and, as I intended taking her with me on my travels, she could not begin too soon. I cannot," he adds, "give an idea of the expression of offended dignity which she fulminated upon me at this intimation."

"Tell the sidi," she said to Mansur, "that I am a Cadine, and not an Odalik; and I shall write to the pasha if he does not treat me as he ought to do."

"To the pasha!" exclaimed the horrified Frenchman; "what has the pasha to do in this affair? I took a slave that she might serve me; and if I have not the means of paying servants, I do not see why she should not do duty for all, as the women of other countries do."

Fie! M. de Nerval! where is your sentimental gallantry now! But he had caught a Tartar as well as a Malay. The fair Zeynab answered that she was a Mahomedan, not a drudge, and she would, as the law entitled her, compel her master to sell her again. M. de Nerval was obliged to pass the matter over as a joke; and, in order to seam up the wound he had made, he set about teaching his slave French. To make more rapid progress, he began with whole sentences, as "*Je suis une petite sauvage*," which she pronounced as "*Ze ouis one bétit sovaze*." Seeing her lord laugh, she made Mansur translate the sentence; which being done, she said, "*Ana bétit sovaze? mafish!*" The smile of mingled derision and contempt with which she said this, M. de Nerval declares, was charming. Happy M. de Nerval!

Perceiving the effect of her smiles, Zeynab ventured again to insist on the social question of a green silk dress and yellow boots. To the latter her lord entertained objections, as giving to the wearer a waddling gait, like that of a palmipede, anything but fascinating. But the lady insisted, and as usual gained her point. This accomplished, she rose up, clapped her hands, and called out, "*El fil! el fil!*" This was a request to go and see an elephant given by the English to the pasha, and kept in the gardens of Shoubra. There was no alternative but concession. Already the Mahomedan slave had attested her power over her Christian master, whom she was soon destined to revile, and every whim and caprice of this ignorant and bigoted Mussulwoman had to be gratified.

One morning shortly after this, going into the room of his slave, M. de Nerval found a garland of onions suspended across the door, and other onions symmetrically disposed over the place where she slept. Thinking it a mere child's whim, the master kicked these offensive ornaments into the yard; but the fair slave awakening, got up in furious passion, and, heaping upon her lord frequent epithets of "*Pharaon!*" equivalent to "tyrant and infidel," she declared he had spoilt a conjuration. After this, she was taken possession of by an evil spirit, and sent for her neighbors, and an experienced and aged old woman, to exorcise her. When ultimately she did condescend to get better, she insisted upon two of her neighbors remaining with her to protect her.

At length, even the Frenchman's patience was too severely taxed, and, what was worse, his purse was still more so. So one day he had his position explained to the lady, adding, in conclusion, "My poor child, if you choose to remain at Cairo, you are free."

He expected an explosion of gratitude. It was just the reverse.

"Free!" she exclaimed; "what can I do if I am free? Sell me back to Abdel Kerim!"

"But, my dear, an European does not sell a woman. Cannot you go into the service of some lady of your own persuasion?"

"I a servant! Never! Sell me. I may be bought by a Muslim, by a sheikh, perhaps by a pasha! I may become a great lady. If you wish to quit me, take me to the bazaar."

"Since you will not remain in Cairo," he said at last, "you must follow me to other countries."

"*Ana ente sava sava*, thou and I, let us go off together," she answered. And the well-assorted couple embarked on the branch of the Nile which leads to Damietta.

M. de Nerval did not forget, however, before he quitted the old city of Cairo, to pay a visit to Madame Bonhomme—a Marseillaise, of whose charms he frequently speaks in terms of enthusiastic admiration, which his Javanese companion failed to awaken upon any occasion. Madame Bonhomme—*cette blonde et charmante providence du voyageur*—conducted our traveller into her "*magazin*," where she extolled the resources by which travel in the East could be deprived of its asperities, and everything that was essential to the *comfort de la vie fashionable* could be insured. There were primary reasons against our traveller availing himself of these *multiple* advantages, all, he says, stamped with "improved patent of London," and it was in vain that the fair Marseillaise dwelt, with her slight Provençal accent, upon the importance of articles which, together, made up a small Cairo exhibition. Our traveller was sufficiently stoical to resist the temptation.

"I am certain you have forgotten to buy a flag," said madame.

"A flag! Why, I am not leaving for the wars!"

"You are going to descend the Nile. You must have a flag to be respected by the fellahs: *Tous ces messieurs*, take the English flag. With it there is greater safety."

"Oh! madame," replied the Frenchman, "I am not de *ces messieurs* là."

Notwithstanding the inconvenience of the republican flag, which caused such delay, as our traveller says would have made an Englishman "rebound with passion," the party reached Damietta in due time, and M. de Nerval waited with his fair Javanese upon the French consul. The latter frowned perceptibly at the female companion accompanying the traveller.

"Are you going to take that woman into France?" was the first question asked.

"Perhaps so, if she consents, and I can afford it; in the mean time we are going to Beyrut."

"You know that, once in France, she is free!"

"I look upon her as such now."

"Do you know, that if she gets tired of France, you will be obliged to send her back to Egypt at your own expense?"

"I was not aware of it."

"You will do well to be cautious. You had better sell her here."

"In a city with the plague! such a course would be very ungenerous!"

"That's your own concern."

These preliminaries over, M. de Nerval was conducted into a *salle-à-manger*, where Zeynab was introduced to the khanum, or lady, of the consul.

It is but fair to state, however, that the consul was a native of Syria.

Berths were secured for the coast of Syria on board a small merchantman, called *La Santa Barbara*, with a Greek captain and a Turk equipage. The berths, as assigned to M. de Nerval and his kokona, as Captain Nicolas called her, were the interior of the boat warped up on the mid-deck. The winds were adverse, and the journey long; but still not tedious. The weather was fine, and the time was passed between conversation, eating, and drinking *vin de commanderie* from earthen bottles. A young Armenian had, on his side, established already colloquial intimacy with the fair Javanese. As Zeynab's countenance lit up, and her lips smiled in the warmth of conversation, our traveller says he felt how much he had lost in not speaking Arabic. He denies, however, that he was jealous. "We must not," he says, "apply our ideas to that which takes place in the East, and suppose that a conversation between man and woman becomes immediately criminal. There is much more simplicity than amongst us; and I felt convinced that all this talk was mere unmeaning gossip." Besides, he comforted himself with reflecting upon the difference between a poor devil of Armenian and one who had led the life of a general in Cairo.

But it was not only the Armenian who conversed with the Javanese. "With the magnanimity of a European," says M. de Nerval, "I permitted the sailors; when occasionally sitting on bags of rice in our neighborhood, to take part in the conversation." Now, there was among the latter an Anatolian Turk, very sunburnt, and with a long gray beard, who conversed with the slave at greater length and more frequently than any other. This so far attracted the traveller's attention, that he was induced to ask the Armenian what they were talking about. "On religious matters," answered the latter. This appeared highly respectable, the more so as the graybeard, in his quality of haj or pilgrim, used to give out the morning and evening prayer to the other Turks of the equipage. But a catastrophe was preparing.

"Do you know what is the matter?" said the Armenian to the Frenchman, a little later in the day; "the sailors say that the woman who is with you does not belong to you."

"They are mistaken," answered the latter; "she was sold to me at Cairo for five purses, and I have the receipt in my pocket."

"They say that the slave-dealer could not sell a Mahomedan woman to a Christian."

"Their opinion is a matter of indifference to me, and for the future you may tell the captain that I will no longer allow the sailors to converse with her."

"The captain," the Armenian brought word, after carrying the message to M. Nicolas, "said that you might have forbidden her to speak to them from the first."

Finding he could get no support in that quarter, and that the pilgrim graybeard began to speak in very loud tones to the other Turks, our traveller repaired with the Armenian to his slave, and asked what the sailors had been saying to her.

"They told me," she answered, "that, being a believer, I was wrong to live with an infidel."

"But do they not know that I bought you?"

"They say no one had a right to sell me to you."

"Those men deceive you, and you must not speak to them any more."

"So be it," she replied.

But a short time afterwards, having gone to the fore-castle, our traveller, turning round, observed his slave and the graybeard in deep conversation. This time his philosophy was at fault, and he seized the lady by the arm.

"GIAOUR!" she exclaimed.

"I heard the word distinctly," says M. de Nerval, "and I answered the insult by saying, *Ente giaour*, 'you are an infidel,' and treating graybeard with the epithet of *kelp*, 'dog.'"

Other sailors came to the rescue. The Frenchman drew his brass-headed pistols, which were not loaded, and which, if they had been, were only dangerous to those who should venture to fire them. The hubbub on the deck of the *Santa Barbara* was for a moment very great, but, like most squalls at sea, lasted only a time, and all parties were ultimately pacified, excepting only the Frenchman and his lady, between whom a coolness had arisen from the "irreparable words" that had been spoken, and which lasted until they were fairly installed in the quarantine at Beyrut.

Here the fair Zeynab had prepared another trial for her unfortunate lord and master. Captain Nicolas came to pay him a visit during his detention. The Armenian and the Javanese were seated at a distance on the shore. The captain pointed to them significantly. M. de Nerval looked, and witnessed certain pressures of the hand, the import of which was unmistakable.

"I at once made up my mind," he relates, "to take a decisive step. I will be magnanimous, and make two people happy!"

So approaching the lovers, elevated in his own estimation by the sacrifice he was about to make, and the idea of being at once a benefactor and a father, he took the Armenian by the hand, and said to him, "She pleases you. Marry her, she is yours!"

Little did our traveller anticipate the ingratitude that would be shown for his generous offer. The Armenian raised up his arms to heaven, stupefied at the idea. As to the lady, she expressed infinite indignation at the idea that she would form an alliance with a mere *rayah*—a kind of yaudi. So the slave was left to the Frenchman, who had only the consolation of saying to the Armenian, "Miserable man, you would seduce a woman who belongs to another. You seduce her from her duty, and then refuse to take her when she is offered to you!"

A few days afterwards, when a free agent in Beyrut, our traveller had nearly the same words repeated to himself by Father Planché, a Jesuit, who, visiting him accidentally, and seeing the slave in his room, said to him,

"What! have you put this weight on your conscience? Have you turned that woman from her duty, and deranged her life, without the intention of wedding her?"

M. de Nerval excused himself by saying he wished to restore her to liberty. Father Planché shook his head, and said she had better be intrusted for her conversion to the care of a pious lady of Beyrut. This advice was most acceptable to our traveller. In the first place, Madame Carlès, the person indicated, only charged three piastres a day; in the second, he was going to visit the Prince of the Maronites; and, in the third, after so many mishaps in his attempt at Oriental life, he was probably extremely discouraged and heartily wearied with his Arabo-Javanese Mahomedan slave.

Battista, the renowned restaurant of Beyrut, it

may be worth while mentioning for the benefit of Syrian tourists, charges sixty piastres per diem to the English, but only five francs to a Romanist. "Ah! *corpo di me!*" he exclaimed, when reproved by M. de Nerval for his high prices. "*Questo è per gli Inglesi che hanno, molto moneta, e che sono tutti heretici! * * * ma, per gli Francesi, e altri Romani, e soltanto cinque franchi.*" "That is quite another thing," said our traveller, who expresses the gratification he experienced at finding such Catholic and Roman sentiments among the hotel-keepers of Syria.

We will not follow M. de Nerval in his visit to the Maronite Prince of the Lebanon. It is the old story re-told, of a mountain ride, mixed populations, gaudy costumes, patriarchal hospitality, jerid throwing, hostility of Druses and Maronites.

On his return from the mountain, M. de Nerval hastened to the boarding school of Madame Carlès. Zeynab received him with expressions of joy and tears of gratitude. To his inquiries, however, as to how she prospered in her education, the answer was very simple—she would learn nothing. The following conversation then took place, Madame Carlès acting as interpreter:

"Why will you not learn to sew?"

"Because, if I am seen working like a servant, they will make a servant of me."

"But the wives of Christians, who are free, work without being servants."

"Well! I will not wed a Christian. With us, the husband gives a servant to the wife."

"Why, also, will you not learn to sing and to dance?—that is not the work of a servant."

"No; but it is the profession of an almeah, of a baladine. I would rather remain as I am."

This is a good specimen of the impracticability of a Moslem woman, and of what a European has to expect if he is foolish enough to attach one to his fortunes—a creature without resources, without mind or intellect, one would almost feel, with their Turkish masters, without a soul! Madame Carlès, however, encouraged our traveller with the hopes of converting the Javanese to the Christian faith. "When she has become a Christian," she said, "she will do like others;" and if the Frenchman began to look tenderly upon his slave, she added, addressing the latter, "You see, my daughter, if you will become a Christian, your master will marry you, perhaps, and take you to his country."

"O, Madame Carlès!" exclaimed the French-

man, "do not go on so rapidly with your conversion. *Quelle diable d'idée vous avez là!*"

M. de Nerval had thought of the solution to the difficulty as far as the Armenian was concerned, but never as applied to himself. He now suddenly fancied himself parading the Boulevards with his ring-nosed *femme jaune*, with suns tattooed on her forehead, and who might be even suspected of anthropophagist propensities. A sudden perspiration bedewed his features.

Worse than all, M. de Nerval quitted Madame de Carlès' boarding-house deeply enamored with a Druse, daughter of a sheikh of the mountain, at that time imprisoned for arrears of taxes. To excuse his inconstancy, he appeals to the fascinations of the lady, the climate, the poetry of the place and of costume, and all the *mise en scène* of mountain and sea!

So great, however, was the infatuation of the moment, that it led him to apply to the Pasha of Beyrut to make a journey to Acre, and another to Dêr il Khammer, to obtain the freedom of the father of the fair Salema. Having succeeded in his object, he became (but not till after almost promising to embrace the faith of the Druses, among whom Salema was an *akkaleh-siti*, or "spiritual lady," occasionally performing the part of Astarte) affianced by the grateful sheikh to his fair and spiritual daughter.

Happily, however, this new engagement was interrupted by a severe attack of Syrian malaria, to cure which he was obliged to take the steamboat to Constantinople. There, new faces, new associations, and old ideas revived, soon drove the love, so beautifully set in a framework of Syrian seas and mountains, from his volatile heart; and, thinking very wisely, if not very considerably, that if he returned to Beyrut to claim his bride, he would be liable to catch the malaria again, and that if he sent for the young lady, "it would be exposing her to the terrible diseases which carry off in the north three fourths of the females of the East who are transported thither," he resolved to write to the Druse sheikh to free him from his word, and to get back his own.

As to unfortunate Zeynab—*la femme jaune*—she fled from her *pension* unconverted from the Mahomedan faith; and M. de Nerval assures us, upon the authority of Camille Rogier, the artist, who has lately been travelling in Syria, that she is now wedded to a Turk of Damascus, and the happy mother of two children.

OF SIR ROBERT AND LADY PEEL.

O'ER his untimely grave detraction dies—
For him the tears gush in a nation's eyes,
And stubborn hearts, that never throbbed before,
Except for private sorrow which they bore,
Melt at his name, and feel a pang as great
As if a brother's or a father's fate
Were his, unhappiest man of all his time.
Unhappy?—Yet not so—his soul sublime,
Calm in the consciousness of strength and worth,
Pursued two objects, noblest upon earth—
The welfare of a people great and free,
And high reward in good men's memory.
He wrought them both :—Unhappy?—Ah! not so;
The unborn ages at his name shall glow;
In their Walhalla shall his image stand,
And overshadow the admiring land;

In history's brightest page his deeds shall shine,
And pour a halo on th' inscribing line,
That tells the mighty sacrifice he made,
When Truth invincible and Conscience bade
Unhappy?—So it seemed; and so to thee,
Sad Lady, must his fate forever be;
But not perchance to him. If through our mists
He can discern the champions in the lists,
And see that evermore the brave and good
Honor him most; and that the multitude
Of toiling men revere and bless his name,
His soul may glory even in mortal fame.
Happy, aye, happy! let his ashes rest;—
His heart was honest, and he did his best.
In storm and darkness, evil and dismay,
The star of duty was his guiding ray;

And when he died—inscribe it on his tomb—
All Europe felt the shock, and stood in gloom.

From the Times, 3 Dec.

M. GUIZOT ON WASHINGTON AND MONK.

M. GUIZOT is a man who, without any ambition of singularity, or any taste for paradox, has presented some strange contradictions. Not having the least wish to depose Louis Philippe or to restore Charles X., M. Guizot wrote, in 1837, an essay on the character and career of Monk, the restorer of English Legitimacy. As loyal as it was possible to be to the King of the French, and having nothing to do with republicans, except as a faction he was bound to keep down, he wrote a life of Washington, the founder and builder of American Independence. After undertaking two works so little in keeping either with his position or with the state of public affairs, M. Guizot can hardly quarrel with the extraordinary chance which compels him to resume them at a time when they are neither indecorous nor inopportune. There can now be no possible objection, on the score of loyalty or taste, to M. Guizot bringing out a new edition of his *Monk* and of his *Washington*, with a preface to each *apropos* to the present state of affairs. Indeed, the revolution which has imposed upon France the alternative of a Monk or a Washington retrospectively justifies the attention drawn to these characters at a time when their interest seemed to be purely historical.

Yet France at this moment is a very different nation from England in 1660, or the United States in 1775. There may, indeed, as M. Guizot asserts, be some resemblance in the political circumstances of the three eras. In all three we recognize a government in a state of transition, and a choice or a compromise to be made between old and new institutions. In all three we recognize very able men, on whom the eyes of their fellow-citizens rest for a solution of the political problem. But M. Guizot has himself described and illustrated a fatal peculiarity of the French crisis, which distinguishes it far too widely from the other members of the parallel to leave a hope of similar results. He asks four or five questions, and assumes that they occupy and distract the whole mind of France;—"four or five questions, all of them implying a revolution, which are incessantly present to every mind, familiar to every lip;—Can the Republic be established? Can the Monarchy be restored? Which monarchy—the empire or the house of Bourbon? What branch of the house of Bourbon? The elder or the younger, or both together, and in concert?" What a satire on the character of the nation! But, ludicrous as it is, it does not tell the whole truth. France asks all these questions, but it does not ask them seriously. It is doubting between an empire and a republic, without seriously intending to be very constant to either. When the first love is disappointed or fled, its place can never be wholly supplied. A French revolution is only one more political *liaison*; it is not a true marriage. There is nothing serious about it. The instant the hasty inauguration is completed the people begin to ask, "What next?" M. Guizot asks "What next?" and says that his fellow-countrymen hesitate between half-a-dozen different answers. When such is the case, to answer one question leaves the rest unanswered. Revolution in that singular country is a hydra with many alternatives, each of them capable of no more than a temporary settlement. Paris only bears with a monarchy till it fancies a

republic, and only bears with a republic till the lapse of a few years has created a fresh relish for monarchical government. Its old men have lived under seven governments, as different from one another as any in the European catalogue. How is it possible for the nation to feel an overpowering and abiding attachment to any one form of government?

What can be more different than the simplicity and constancy exhibited by our forefathers in the era of Monk, and by our cousins in the era of Washington? In England there had been two parties representing two systems—a despotism and a constitutional monarchy. The piety of the age had given a religious color to the dissension, and despotism happened to be associated with a domineering hierarchy and a ceremonial worship; while government by king, lords, and commons, was also associated with the Presbyterian policy and the Puritanical faith and practice. Nothing, however, could be more distinct than the two schools, or more determined, dogged, and desperate, than the tenacity and the scrupulosity with which the two parties stuck to their systems. The monarchical system expired with Charles I.; the others suffered a more lingering, but far more painful, scandalous, and effectual defeat. It fell under the exaggeration of its supporters, the rivalry of the Independents, the superior fanaticism of the fifth monarchy men, the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, and the disappointment of all the hopes for which the monarchy had been overthrown. The monarchy had been cut off in its prime, while its eyes were bright and its spirit unsubdued; while the cause of the Puritanical Parliament had lived long enough to be despised. When the iron arm with which Cromwell had kept both parties at a distance for a dozen years was powerless in the grave, then the people of England almost unanimously recalled the monarchical and high church system, with barely any other security than the hope that kings would take warning from the fate of Charles I., and prelates from that of Archbishop Laud. Till 1688 it might be said that the English had simply reverted to the institutions and policy of 1640, and had fought the civil wars to little purpose, or none. Such was the simplicity of this question in the English mind, and such the constancy with which it adhered to its choice as long as it was possible.

The simplicity of the American question is still more remarkable. Compelled, as the people were, or thought they were, to throw off the British yoke, they wisely resolved to remain as much as possible in their former position. They retained their separate states and their existing legislatures. They retained the courts and the legal and judicial system of this country. Their only innovation was that thrust upon them, viz., the creation of a congress which should fill the hiatus caused by the extinction of our rule, and should resemble the British legislature as closely as the circumstances allowed. There were no questions except as to details, and as to the comparative scope to be assigned to the federal and the democratical principle. What is there like this in the present state of France? Is she quietly and unanimously feeling her way to her most natural and least revolutionary development? No. She has changed everything, and is questioning everything, and M. Guizot will be long before he persuades her to sit down and settle for good how and by whom she will be governed for the future.

M. GUIZOT'S PREFACE TO "MONK."

THIS work had not been written with a view to publication. It was in truth an historical study, undertaken for myself alone, and with the sole purpose of fixing my ideas as to the reëstablishment of the monarchy in England in 1660, and the character of the man by whom that great event was effected. In 1837 several persons who had read this study urged me to allow its insertion in *La Revue Française*, and I consented. It has never yet been published in a separate or in a complete shape.

In 1837 the interest it possessed was purely historical; in the present day it evidently possesses one of a different character.

Strange indeed is the situation of France. She will have no more revolutions; she desires nothing but stability; yet are there four or five questions, all of them implying a revolution, which are incessantly present to every mind, familiar to every lip:

Can the republic be established?

Can the monarchy be restored?

Which monarchy?—the empire or the house of Bourbon?

Which branch of the house of Bourbon?—the elder or the younger! or both together and in concert?

If France desire only stability, wherefore does she revolve these questions? Let her suppress them, and make a stand at that which is. If she believe not in the stability of that which is, wherefore does she not settle her choice upon one of the solutions to the questions she is revolving?

Is it that these questions can neither be suppressed nor resolved?

This were, indeed, the worst of conditions, for we should be condemned to immobility in the midst of inquietude. No faith in the time present and no time to come.

I will not believe, and I do not really believe, that this can be the state of my country.

France in 1850, and England in 1660, resemble each other but little, and far be it from me, though I have sometimes been charged with so doing, to propose one to the imitation of the other. France has destinies of her own, and a spirit peculiar to her; let her abide by these, and let her trust be in them.

But there is something which transcends all diversities of national destiny and of national spirit; there is something which in all places and all times is equally necessary; and that is the political spirit, or, in other words, good sense, which in politics, as in all else, with nations as with individuals, alone insures success—definitive and lasting success.

From two quarters did good sense concur to effect the restoration of the English monarchy in 1660—the good sense of a man and the good sense of the country, or, to speak more exactly, of the monarchical party in the country.

Two centuries ago, it was said in England, too, that the monarchy had disappeared without hope of return, and that the commonwealth alone was possible. Monk saw that this was false. He believed in the monarchy when the commonwealth was in existence—when all around him, whether sincerely or with hypocrisy, himself among the number, spoke of nothing but the republic. And after the death of Cromwell, and the fall of his son Richard, so soon as the question really stood out between the two governments, Monk made up his mind in favor of the monarchy.

This merit has been denied him, and, indeed, in advancing towards his object, Monk so used and abused of falsehood that to prejudiced and superficial minds it must naturally have appeared doubtful whether his resolution was thus precociously conceived and firmly maintained. But a close and searching study of the events and of the documents relating to them, renders all doubt impossible. From the very first day Monk's mind was made up, and whatever he may have said or done, his mind was equally fixed every succeeding day down to the very last. When all else were plunged in doubt and hesitation, Monk's views and course of action were determined. This was his first act of political good sense.

At the same time that he was firmly determined, Monk was also patient. He knew how to wait for success while he pursued it. A soldier, and acting through his army, he was firmly and constantly resolved not to renew violent measures and civil war. He was aware that for the monarchy to be effectually restored it should be so by pacific means, naturally, as by a national necessity and the only and last course left for the country. In spite of the impatience and mistrust of so many, he withheld, dissimulated, deferred, waited, until the event was brought about in some sort spontaneously and by the mere force of circumstances. And after the event was accomplished, Monk desired that in the letters patent by which his glory and his fortune were solemnly confirmed, these words should be inserted, "*Victor sine sanguine*," (bloodless conqueror,) so deliberate and voluntary had been the prudence of his measures.

The monarchical party was also endowed with good sense. Its situation was simpler than is that of the same party among us. It was not tossed about between two or three monarchies. Their hearts were set but upon one, and all desired the same. Not the less was the party a very divided one. There were some who had borne a hand in effecting the revolution, and there were others who had fought against it. They had hotly made war upon each other, for or against the king, whose son they were now bent upon restoring to the throne. Diversity of ideas, of feelings, and of interests divided them. All debate upon these points was adjourned. Up to the day of triumph their ideas, their feelings, and their interests were reduced to the one idea, feeling, and interest common to them all. That which they would have preferred they postponed to that which they were determined to accomplish. This is the touchstone of the political intelligence of parties.

The English royalists did still more; they gave themselves up in the pursuit of their design to a man whom they mistrusted, whom they had every right to mistrust. Monk had served the king, the rebellion, the commonwealth, Cromwell, and the Parliament. He was profoundly wrapped up and hidden in obscurity. His actions and speech were frequently completely at odds. He uttered lies with a cool determination which confounded his most intimate adherents. The monarchical party was filled with doubt and disquietude as to his real purposes, and passed over successively from hope to fear, from glimpses of light to impenetrable darkness. Nor their doubts, nor their fears, nor their desires, nor the obscurities of Monk diverted the royalists from their adopted course. Monk was the man with whom the situation of affairs presented them, and to whom it bound them. Upon a general reckoning there were more reasons for

resting their hopes in him than for mistrusting him. This again was a necessity which had to be embraced. The royalists saw this also, and embraced it. They did not blindly resign themselves to Monk; but they discreetly supported him, drawing him towards them without compromising him; attentive to his counsels; watchfully, but quietly, standing behind him as behind the leader of their choice. For in such designs there must be a leader, and the only leader is he to whom support is given, while his actions are left unshackled.

Success duly followed the good conduct of the monarchical party and of its chief.

Nations, parties, or individuals, men in general, in the important circumstances of their destiny, err in two different ways, both equally fatal. In one case, hesitating and disheartened, they give up their own guidance, remain inactive as impotent spectators, and resign their whole fortunes to the results of that unknown power which, in their faith or their impiety, they designate as Providence, fate, or chance. In the other, blindly secure, and scorning all forethought, they are swayed by the caprices of their imaginations or their desires, believing that all to them is possible, and that nothing can impede the accomplishment of their objects and of their hopes. God will neither tolerate nor leave unpunished the one error or the other. He has willed that men should take part in the conduct of their own affairs, and should accept their toil no less than their chances; and at the same time He will not suffer that men should persuade themselves that they can dispose of events at their pleasure, and that all things will bend and succumb to their interests or to their whims. With those who will do nothing for themselves, and tarry until God alone rescue them from trouble, God also tarries and leaves them to suffer and endure. To those whose presumption reckons on and attempts the accomplishment of all their desires, God sends hindrances and defeats which force them to acknowledge and understand that there are about them forces, rights, and interests other than their own, and with which it is requisite to treat and strike a balance of accounts. Good polity consists in discriminating beforehand these necessities of nature, which, if overlooked, might assume the form of a divine lesson, and in conforming our conduct to them with a good grace.

I shall not touch upon the revolution of February. Not me does it become to speak of it at the present time. But I cannot believe, and no Frenchman can resign himself to the belief, that it is to be regarded as the final issue of the glorious history of France. It is the rash taste of my country to rush, no matter at what cost or in the face of what danger, into immense and unparalleled experiments. It is as though it held itself to be the great laboratory of the world's civilization. But if it be quick to venture itself, it is quick too in taking better counsel and retracing its steps, when it has discovered that a wrong path has been taken, and ruin is imminent. Already beneath the shadow of a great name has it halted on its course. But a salutary halt is not salvation. It will not suffice that France should cease rolling down the abyss; the abyss must be closed and France again must stand erect. A Washington or a Monk—one or the other it must have ere it raise itself once more.

Which of these will Providence grant us?

I would wish to shed over the event which forms the subject of this study all the light necessary to set it forth clearly, and to enlighten us as we be-

hold it. I publish at the end of my narrative seventy-one despatches or fragments of despatches addressed in 1659 and 1660 to Cardinal Mazarin and to M. de Brienne, by M. de Bourdeaux, at that time French ambassador in London. These documents are taken from the archives of the foreign office. It is curious to note the information collected day by day, and the influence attempted to be exercised by the representative of Louis XIV. at the court of Cromwell, upon the proceedings of Monk for the restoration of the Stuarts.

I also publish a letter addressed a fortnight before the restoration of Charles II. by Richard Cromwell to Monk. "In order (he says) that when the Parliament shall be assembled you may be pleased to employ your credit in my favor, that I may not remain subject to debts which neither God nor my conscience, I am certain, can regard as mine. For, I have this confidence in you that, if I must deem myself little worthy of great things, you will not deem me deserving of complete ruin."

Singular mixture of modesty, amounting almost to humility, with the memory of past grandeur.

In 1838, shortly after the insertion of my first work upon Monk in *La Revue Française*, Mr. J. Stuart Wortley, then a member of Parliament, and now sitting as Lord Wharncliffe in the house of lords, published a translation of it in London, to which he appended an introduction and notes replete with historical learning and interest. On revising and remodelling this study I have taken advantage of Lord Wharncliffe's work, in rectifying certain inexactitudes in my own text, and borrowing a few notes serving to throw a light on or to complete the facts.

PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION OF WASHINGTON.

It was under the monarchy and almost in the midst of the counsel of the King Louis Philippe, that I paid this homage to Washington, and to the foundation of a great republic by a great man. In publishing it now afresh I experience a profound feeling of sadness.

The more I look on, the more I remain convinced that a republican, noble form of government as it is, is the most difficult and the most perilous of governments.

It is of all governments that which requires at the hands of Providence the most favorable and the most exceptional circumstances, and at those of society itself the largest amount of unanimity, wisdom, and virtue.

And it is that which even acquired at this cost imposes upon society the greatest number of trials, and exposes it to the greatest number of chances.

The United States of America composed a new society, which had never been subject to stormy and varied changes, which had not borne the yoke of a long succession of ages, which had nothing to destroy when it was called upon to establish its government.

This young society was surrounded by no rivals, it might almost be said was without neighbors. Wide space was before it—a free and immeasurable field, open to all the wants, all the passions of men.

For a long space of time, in the management of its home affairs, it possessed and practised republican principles. Its only knowledge of monarchy was gathered from a distance, wafted across the ocean, and related to a respected name rather than as a real and necessary power.

When it entered into a contest with this power,

it was to resist iniquitous pretensions, to defend its rights—its ancient and legitimate rights.

The citizens of this society, rich or poor, enlightened or ignorant, were very nearly unanimous in favor of republican government.

They were Christians in heart as in denomination. At the same moment when they were quarrelling with their king they lived humbly in the sight of God, the King of kings.

It was thus that the republic of the United States was founded.

And, in spite of so many advantages, had it been placed in our hemisphere instead of its own, and wedged in between the large European States instead of flowing forth freely like its own streams through its forests and plains, we may be permitted to doubt whether it could have established itself and lived peaceably and gloriously as it has done.

France is now undergoing as an unexpected trial, and with a constitution which would breed confusion in the most orderly society, this form of government which America received as a free choice, in accordance with its natural bent and the unparalleled position which Heaven had awarded it. Will a republic, sprung as this sprung up with us in February, 1848, obtain the same destinies as the republic of Washington? This is the question which is now under debate.

The most favorable chances have been afforded the republic. In spite of its origin, accepted as it was against the grain, without a distinguishing flag, men of sense and principle have entrenched themselves behind it as behind a rampart in order to defend themselves in a body and to defend the whole of society against their mortal enemies. It is in the name and in the interest of order which it has destroyed that the republic maintains itself. It had no right to expect such a chance. Will it profit by it? Will it be able to practise with perseverance a stern policy of conservancy and social reconstruction? Such is that which France now invokes. It is not sufficient for the establishment of a government that it should simply take care day by day that society do not perish; society must be delivered from the quotidian terror of destruction, and the prospect should be opened to it of a long and peaceful existence.

I speak neither of freedom nor of glory. I hope, nevertheless, that France will never learn to dispense with either.

New York Correspondent of the Times—letter 20 November.

FAST-SAILING SHIPS.

The trade with California, and the restrictions removed by modifying the navigation laws in England, have combined to effect a revolution in the naval architecture of this country that has heretofore been unparalleled. Never before has such a competition existed among ship-builders as to who should model the fleetest vessels; and their efforts have certainly been seconded by the greatest disregard of cost on the part of the enterprising merchants in whose service they have labored. A recent instance illustrative of this was the order of a well-known house in the Canton trade, whose instructions to their builder were to furnish them with a ship of 2,000 tons burden with as little delay as possible, while the only properties stipulated for were the most perfect combination of beauty and speed consistent with strength, but without any limit as to expense.

Nor is this by any means a singular instance of a

growing disposition to possess the fastest and finest ships that can be set afloat; and well have their owners been repaid thus far, not only by the preference they have everywhere met with, but also by the extravagant rates of freight they have obtained, and the great saving of time with which their voyages have been performed. General orders have been received from California to give such ships the preference at any difference of freight; in consequence of which they now obtain one dollar per cubic foot for ordinary cargo, and double that price for fine goods; while their old-fashioned and more slowly sailing competitors take freight at a half or five eighths of a dollar.

The White Cloud, of 1,200 tons, lately left here for the Pacific with a freight list of \$70,000. Her cost was \$90,000, and, no accident occurring, she will proceed from San Francisco to Canton, there take in a cargo for this port or London, and clear the whole cost to her owners by the time she is one year old. The last overland India mail brings intelligence that another of this class, called the Oriental, had obtained in Canton a freight for London of 6*l.* per ton when the going rate was 3*l.* or thereabout.

The capacity of such vessels as carriers of cargo is about one fifth less than those of the same tonnage which are employed as sailing packets between this country and London or Liverpool. They are expected to clear themselves in a year or two, and the Sea Witch has twice gone round the world *viâ* San Francisco and Canton, performing each voyage within a twelvemonth, inclusive of detention at both ports. Every inducement, therefore, exists to continue the construction of this description of ships, and to encourage every improvement that can add to their sailing properties.

The great drain of silver that has been going on for some months past, owing to the foreign demand for it, is beginning to be seriously felt in this country; and if continued, (as it is most likely to be,) will require some new legislative action as to the standard value of this description of coin. Foreign dollars are obtainable only with great difficulty; and for the absolute requirements of the banks they are compelled to pay 1½ per cent. premium for American silver. An order received last week from a country bank for 10,000 American half-dollars could not be executed except at a premium of 2½ per cent.

From the Times, Dec. 5.

THE trade with California, says our New York correspondent, and the repeal of the British navigation laws, have together effected a revolution in the naval architecture of the United States. The shipbuilders, who have always been distinguished for consulting speed rather than capacity, are now competing more eagerly than ever which shall model the fleetest vessels. Their rivalry is stimulated by the enterprise of the merchants, who give them a *carte blanche* as to cost. Our correspondent instances an order given by a well-known house in the China trade, whose instructions to their builder were to furnish them with a ship of 2,000 tons burden with as little delay as possible, while the only properties stipulated for were the most perfect combination of beauty and speed consistent with strength, but without any limit as to expense. Such an order, for a vessel of such dimensions, would not be given unless with good reasons to expect a return, for, ardent as the Americans are, they are not less cautious. It is found that vessels

of known speed obtain much higher rates than others. Where the market is fluctuating, and where the distance is great, the first comer reaps a harvest which leaves but little for the rest. Speed gives a virtual monopoly; and, when that is the prize, a race to California or China becomes a very exciting affair. The merchants at San Francisco require their orders to be executed with the greatest possible despatch, and insist on the fleetest vessels being preferred, whatever the cost of freight. So vessels of this class command one dollar per cubic foot for ordinary cargo, and double that price for fine goods, while their old-fashioned and slower competitors take freight at half or five eighths of a dollar. Under these circumstances it is evident that a superiority of speed may be cheaply purchased by a large sacrifice of capacity. The American "liners" between this country and New York have hitherto been considered about as fleet, as merchant vessels, as could be constructed with profit; but the new class of vessels springing into existence in the United States holds one fifth less than the "liners" of the same nominal tonnage, and, as we have seen, make it up in the more than proportionate value of their freight.

One vessel mentioned by our correspondent, bound to San Francisco, thence to Canton, and thence to this port, or direct to New York, is likely, if all be well, to clear the whole cost to her owners by the time she is one year old. Another has gone twice round the world, *via* San Francisco and Canton, performing each journey within a twelvemonth, including detentions. The Oriental, another of this class instanced by our correspondent, has already fulfilled the expectations of her owners by arriving in the West India Docks yesterday, in only 98 days from Canton. From that port to Scilly she was only 91 days, and the sort of weather she must have had for the latter part of her voyage can be easily imagined. She is the first arrival at this port from Canton since the repeal of the navigation laws, and the profits derived from her thus far will be sure to lead many others in her train. As our ships have precisely the same opportunities, and have, indeed, been even prompter to seize them, the case of the Oriental, though it has gained the whole of its freight at the expense of British vessels in the first instance, should be rather a stimulus than a discouragement. It is simply a trial of speed, and as such is just as open to the British as to the American shipbuilders. The revolution described by our New York correspondent has been going on some years in this country. The fastest vessels obtain their own terms for freight, and the "slow coaches" are degraded from the long voyages to the coasting or the collier service, where there certainly is, just now, a considerable pressure on the shipping interest. If anybody, however, can point out or devise an improvement which does not to some extent supersede old methods, and benefit the improver at the expense of those who stand still, he will earn the eternal thanks of the indolent and dull, and take away the chief incentive to human improvement.

Everything now conspires to render speed as indispensable to success on sea as on land. By the aid of steam we have intelligence within two months from every considerable port in the world, excepting only our own Australian colonies. In the third week of October we had Californian newspapers of September 1. Notwithstanding the immense cost of our postal communications with the West Indies, Central America, and the Pacific, the

Americans are able to anticipate them so far, that the news brought by the West India packets is generally some days out of date. By the electric telegraph intelligence is conveyed almost instantaneously between Boston and New Orleans, "beating time" by half-an-hour. The completion of the continental railroads will soon shorten the journey between London and Alexandria; and there is at length some hope that the journey between Bombay and the two other Presidencies will be measured by hours. But the quicker the conveyance of intelligence and of travellers, the quicker too must be the conveyance of goods. At all events, the more certain is the swifter conveyance to take away all profit from the slower. Just at this time, when Atlantic steamers multiplying every year, railroads increasing by a thousand miles per annum in the New and the Old World, and the electric telegraph, seem to quicken the pace and the pulse of the world, the discovery of California drives the competition up to fever heat, and for a time threatens to put the United States at the head of the universal competition. There is no doubt that it will draw into this new and almost miraculous opening much of that enterprise which has lately been rewarded with wonderful results nearer home. We have several times had to direct attention to the fresh and fresh lines of steamers on the American rivers and lakes, to vast additional lengths of canal, and the endless ramifications of the railway system; as also to the new manufactures introduced wherever an opening offered. The rapid increase of population in the States, augmented by an annual immigration of near three hundred thousand from these isles, is a fact that forces itself on the notice and the interest of the most inobservant and incurious. All these promise to develop the resources of the States to such an extent as to compel us to a competition as difficult as it is unavoidable. We must run a race with our gigantic and unshackled rival. We must set our long-practised skill, our steady industry, and our dogged determination against his youth, ingenuity, and ardor. It is the father who runs a race with his son. A fell necessity constrains us, and we must not be beat. Let our shipbuilders and their employers take warning in time. There will always be abundant supply of vessels good enough and fast enough for short voyages. The coal trade can take care of itself, for it ever will be a refuge for the destitute. But we want fast vessels for the long voyages, which otherwise will fall into American hands. It is fortunate that the navigation laws have been repealed in time to destroy these false and unreasonable expectations, which might have lulled the ardor of British competition. We now all start together, with a fair field and no favor. The American captain can call at London, and the British captain can pursue his voyage to New York. Who can complain? Not we. We trust that our countrymen will not be beaten; but, if they should be, we shall know that they deserve it.

From the Times, 4 Dec.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH CONSTITUTION-MAKING.

If a constitution be, as it is generally supposed, one of the highest results of the practical wisdom of man seeking to embody its experience in a system, and not a mere fortuitous aggregate of rules adopted for one purpose, retained for another, and

applied, perhaps, to a third, it seems not unreasonable to expect that the art of making constitutions should, by dint of much exercise, be gradually approaching towards perfection. Accordingly, it was announced above half a century ago by the pragmatical Abbé Sieyès that he had reduced to unerring system the art of constitution-making. Others have felt no less confident of their abilities, and there is hardly a statesman of any note in Europe who would not improvise a constitution with as much facility and as little hesitation as he would pen a despatch or countersign an order. In the present stirring times almost every month brings out a new one, and the manufacturers of such things do not seem likely soon to want employment, for the wear and tear of the article supplied is so exceedingly rapid, that old ones are worn out quite as fast as new ones can be created. Judging by recent experience, two or three years seem to be the utmost date to which a modern European constitution can survive. Strange, that man can subjugate the elements, can pierce into the hidden laws of nature, and submit to his will elements apparently most remote from its influence, yet has not learnt how to solve the seemingly simple problem how to prescribe rules for the government of society, and to surround them with adequate guarantees for their permanence.

It is not, however, with the constitution-making of Europe we are now concerned, but with the last of a succession of experiments which have fully demonstrated that the statesmen of England, the most constitutional of kingdoms, are as unequal to the task of organic legislation as the cardinals of Rome or the ministers of Austria. Year after year have we been told of constitutions devised by our colonial-office with the most praiseworthy solicitude and the most painful elaboration, of which, if we cannot say, in the language of Mr. Flood, that the fetus of the mind has remained unborn, we can, at any rate, assert that it has been ruthlessly strangled by those to whom its nurture was intrusted. The constitution of New Zealand was suspended by the governor, with the full assent of every reasonable man in the colony, and ultimately of its noble author himself; from this period we had thought Lord Grey, taught by experience, had abandoned the idea of making constitutions for the colonies without consulting them, for in his next essay he deemed it expedient to consult the patient, which happened to be the colony of New South Wales, before embodying his intentions in an act of Parliament. It was fortunate that he did so, for the very mention of the constitution which he contemplated raised such a storm of indignation in the colony, that it was only by availing himself of the *locus penitentie* which he had wisely left open that consequences even more serious were avoided. It was to have been hoped that the experience of New Zealand and Australia would have enabled the colonial-office to avoid a similar miscarriage in the case of the crown colony of the Cape of Good Hope, the next candidate which presented itself for representative institutions. There were also circumstances in the case of the Cape which seem to render it a favorable field for the application of this dear-bought experience. The people of the colony, in their recent struggle with the home authorities on the subject of transportation, had displayed an energy of will, a power of coöperation, and an unflinching self-reliance, which pointed them out as eminently qualified to be intrusted with the management of their own affairs. The position also of the colony,

as a conquered dependency of the crown, gave the freest scope for action, since in such a case the authority of Parliament is not required, and the power of legislation is vested in her majesty alone. Accordingly the outline of a constitution was sent out, and a local legislature, partly elective and partly nominated, was appointed to pass the laws necessary for filling up the outline and bringing it into working order; but the usual luck of the colonial office attended this constitution also, and it has been flung back in its face with as little ceremony as its predecessors of New Zealand and Australia. The colonists of the Cape were not slow to perceive that, although five elective members were admitted into the new legislative body, they were counterbalanced by a majority nominated by the government. These elective members, after being defeated on several divisions, resigned their seats, as it would appear, with the full approbation of the public. The remaining members of the council continued their labors in completing the constitution of the colonial-office, and the colonists have nominated a counter-commission to frame a counter-constitution.

Thus, then, there will be laid before her majesty for her consent two rival projects, one claiming the authority of the crown, the other of the people; one formed by the power which is to administer it, the other by the people who are to live under it. As the latter has not yet received the ratification of the whole of the colony, we purposely abstain from making any remarks on the document, which may yet undergo considerable alteration. We cannot avoid, however, expressing our regret that our government should be placed in such a position with reference to a colony which has already defeated it on a question of imperial policy, by a resistance which only just fell short of open revolt. Was it likely that a people flushed with the triumph they had just obtained would submit to have a constitution fashioned for them in Downing-street, and carried out by a body having the semblance, but not the substance, of popular representation? Was it not certain that they would claim the same right to be consulted as to the form of their future government which they had just so successfully asserted with regard to the admission of convicts into their territory? And now, what course are we to adopt? Which of the two firms of rival constitution-makers are we to patronize? Are we to take the protected article of the colonial-office or the contraband goods manufactured at the Cape? If it is to be a free trade question, and cheapness is to decide, we can have no doubt that the scheme devised by the people who pay the taxes will be less costly than the project of the officials who receive them. We are placed in an unenviable dilemma. If we force the constitution on an unwilling people, we turn what was intended to be a boon into a cause of rankling discontent; if we accept the constitution proffered in exchange, we succumb a second time most ignominiously, and admit in the face of the whole world our incapacity and vacillation. Constitutions have their legitimate uses, but, whatever these may be, it is certainly not one of them to be knocked like a shuttlecock from the colonial-office to the extremities of the earth, and from the extremities of the earth back again to the colonial-office.

From the contemplation of these reiterated and discreditable failures, by which the influence of the home government is wasted, and the loyalty of our remote dependencies most unprofitably shaken, it is humiliating to the Englishman, though cheering to the philosopher, to turn his eyes to America. That

which we cannot do with all our statesmanship seems natural to them. California, a community the most mixed and questionable which has ever been got together on the face of this earth, in the intervals of severe toil, with mattock in one hand and shovel in the other, has succeeded in forming a constitution whose simple enactments suffice for their social progress and political organization, and enable them to take their place with dignity as an unit of the mighty confederacy of the West. The same thing has been done over and over again by state after state of the Union with the same ease. Why is this? Because all our constitutions begin at the wrong end—because they emanate from the colonial-office, which is not to live under them, instead of the colonists, who are. Constitutions framed on the spot will have many faults, but they will, at any rate, have the merit of being adapted to the people for whom they are meant, and the same power which made them can, as in America, weed out these faults by frequent revision. Home-made constitutions may have many merits, but they will, as experience shows, be inapplicable for want of local knowledge, and always regarded with jealousy and suspicion. Would it not be better, instead of originating constitutions for the colonies to repudiate, to leave the initiative to them, reserving the power of revision to ourselves?

THE HUSBAND'S WISDOM.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I NEVER danced, I never sung,
In the days when I was young;
Fierce ambition stirred my blood
To be great, yet to be good;
To captivate the souls of men,
To rule them with my voice or pen,
Upon their minds' blank leaves to write
Thoughts of beauty—things of might—
I pined and yearned for power and name,
And thought earth's brightest blessing, fame.

I lived in sadness and unrest,
I knew not what was worst or best;
I had a folly in my brain
That brought me discontent and pain;
I was alone, and stood aloof
On barren summits, pleasure-proof;
Stiff, upgazing, and erect,
Nursing haughty intellect;
Sacrificing—Oh, the sorrow!—
Bright to-day, for dim to-morrow.

Fame, power, riches, lured me on—
Oh, the madness!—it has gone.
Neither of them I despise,
But view them with serenest eyes.
And only ask of pitying fate
The blessings of a medium state;
For I have found that fame and gold
And dominion manifold
Are but other names for care,
Toil, contention, and despair.

If they choose to pass my way,
They are welcome—they can stay;—
I can reason on their charms,
And be sober in their arms.
If they choose to pass aside,
I'll not grieve, whate'er betide.

Though no gray hairs amid the brown
Have warned me that my path goes down,
I've learned a lesson in my prime—
And how to make a friend of Time.

I only ask that Heaven will grant
Sufficient for my modest wants;—
Best gifts that fortune can impart:
The spring-time freshness of the heart,
My jocund health, my reason clear,
And thee, true wife—to love me dear.
I have them all—and what care I
For pomp, or power, or luxury?
For niche, or purse, or bauble crown?
Blow by—ye trumpets of renown!

Whoe'er the happiest man may be,
No envy shall he rouse in me.
Can I not roam in summer hours
With thee through pathways fringed with flowers?
Can we not sit upon the grass,
And make the happy moments pass
In the endearments of our eyes,
In mute or spoken sympathies,
And live our lives as nature meant,
Loving—hopeful—and content?

Can we not make each day bestow
A solace for the daily woe?
Can we not find a good in ill?
And weave life's web, though chequered still,
So that the needful warp of Duty
May fit the woof of Joy and Beauty?
Oh, yes!—So—vain Ambition—pass—
I'm somewhat wiser than I was;—
I love; I'm happy;—go your way!
I lost you on my wedding-day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OFFICE OF THE LIVING AGE, }
6 Jan. 1851. }

DEAR MRS. —

I wish to recommend to you, very earnestly, a book which Mr. Putnam has just published, in New York. It is by an author whose name is entirely new to me; and bears many marks of being a first attempt. The title is "*The Wide, Wide World*." By Elizabeth Wetherell. In two volumes."

A man who reads so many reviews, can hardly find time to read many *new books*; but the favorable opinion of "my folk" was so warm, and so unanimous, that I was obliged to look at this, and, after reading a few pages, easily found time for all the rest.

It is a history of a little girl, whose mother is obliged to leave her in America, while making a voyage to Europe for the recovery of her own health, and dies there. The last weeks with her mother, and the parting, will so take hold of you, that you will follow Ellen, with tears, in her journey to the distant country scenes which are described with so much freshness and life.

But I have no intention of saying more about the book than to press it upon your attention. Should the public opinion agree with mine, the author may be congratulated upon her success, and will no doubt soon appear again. I shall not fail to read all that may come from her pen.

A happy New Year to you, and all my friends in Cincinnati.

The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston. Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.